

THE CRITIC,

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, AND PUBLISHERS.

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THE CRITIC.

TO THE READERS OF THE CRITIC.

IN compliance with objections, as we think rightly urged, by many readers, who are desirous that THE CRITIC should be distinguished from its contemporaries as a Journal for Family Reading and Enjoyment, we have directed the Publisher to depart from the general practice, and to refuse admission to all advertisements of an objectionable character. This will necessarily be attended with a great pecuniary sacrifice, which a young journal can ill afford; but we hope that some preference will be shewn to THE CRITIC on that account, and that an increased circulation in families will compensate for the loss accruing from the omission of those advertisements.

"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—*BUTLER*.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Stars and the Earth; or, Thoughts upon Space, Time, and Eternity. Part II. London, 1847. Baillière.

WE had occasion to speak with very warm approval of the first portion of these Thoughts, as exhibiting a large range of reflection, and suggesting ideas of the grandeur of Creation far beyond any that have been presented by the astronomers. They have been by some called 'dreams,'—and perhaps such they are; but they are at least sublime visions, and cannot but improve the mind that contemplates them.

The author's design in the first part was to shew how the reflection of earthly events is borne further and further, upon the wings of a ray of light, into the universe; so that the transactions which took place here thousands of years ago, are to-day visible in a distant fixed star; for everything that has form and colour, however weak the light, and however small its proportions, must be considered to be visible. The theory was allowed to this point, that an observer endowed with infinite powers of vision, who, in an immeasurably short time has passed from a fixed star of the twelfth magnitude to the vicinity of the earth, must have seen completely, in this short space of time, the reflection of everything which has passed during four thousand years upon the surface of the hemisphere directed towards him.

From these positions certain consequences were deduced, which had the effect of rendering the ideas of Space, Time, and Eternity generally and easily intelligible. The present little volume is intended further to illustrate those ideas in a popular manner, so as to make them intelligible to other than philosophers.

We take the first illustration of the author's theory, as being a peculiarly happy one, making it plain to the meanest understanding.

THE MICROSCOPE FOR TIME.

Exactly in the same way in which an infinitely quick passage from a fixed star to the earth crowds together the images of all earthly events into a single moment, so by reversing the process, the succession of these pictures may, in the following way, be indefinitely deferred. Let us suppose that the light, and with it the reflection of some earthly occurrence, arrives at a fixed star of the second magnitude

in about twenty years. Let us also suppose that the observer mounts to this star in the space of twenty years and one day, starting at the moment when, for example, the blossom of a flower was beginning to unfold itself: he will there find the image of this flower in that stage of development in which it was one day after the commencement of its blooming. If he was endowed with infinite powers of sight and observation, and had been able to follow the development of the blossom throughout his entire journey, he would have had time and opportunity of studying for twenty years the changes which occurred to the flower upon earth in a single day. The successive changes in its form are, as it were, fixed before his eyes. As it is scarcely possible to catch with the eye a butterfly which flits past us, so as to detect the colouring of its wings, and, on the contrary, if we could follow and observe it in its flight, we might count out and separate even the minute grains of coloured dust upon its wings, so would the observer, who had the power of following the reflection of a transitory event upon the wings of the light, be enabled to distinguish the most sudden changes with the greatest accuracy and leisure. In this way we have, to a certain extent, a *microscope for time*; for as the magnifying glass apparently enlarges a thousand times the space which a minute object occupies, and thus renders it possible to separate the small contiguous portions of which it consists, which appear to the naked eye as collected into a single point, so he who is able to follow the reflected images of the stages of a rapid development with the speed of a ray of light will be enabled to discover an endless number of separate transactions of the existence of which we had no previous notion.

By a natural impulse all minds are curious to learn the *How* and the *Wherefore* of all things; and however men may differ in their conclusions, the fact itself remains as before,—*there is but one Truth!* and every step we make in the interrogations of Nature, we find every result tending to reduce all phenomena to the operation of a single power,—and that power is Deity.

The manner in which our ideas are affected by Time is curiously illustrated: thus:—

TIME IDEAL.

Let us suppose, that from some given time, for example from to-day, the course of the stars and of our earth becomes twice as rapid as before, and that the year passes by in six months, each season in six weeks, and each day in twelve hours, that the period of the life of man is in like manner reduced to one half of its present duration, so that, speaking in general terms, the longest human life, instead of eighty years, lasts for forty, each of which contains as many of the new days of twelve hours as the former years did, when the days were twenty-four hours long; the drawing of our breath, and the stroke of the pulse would proceed with double their usual rapidity, and our new period of life would appear to us of the normal length. The hands of the clock would no longer make the circuit in one hour and in twelve, but the long hand in thirty minutes, the short one in six hours. The development of plants and animals would take place with double their usual speed, and the wind and the lightning would consume, in their rapid course, but one half of their present time. With these suppositions, I ask, in what way should we be affected by the change? The answer to this question is, we should be cognizant of no change. We should even consider one who supposed or who attempted to point out that such a change had taken place was mad, or we should look upon him as an enthusiast. We should have no possible ground to consider that any other condition had existed. Now, as we can determine the lapse of any period of time only by comparison, or by measuring it with some other period, and as every division of time which we use in our comparison, or in our measurements has been lessened by one half its duration, the original proportion would still remain unchanged.

Our forty years would pass as the eighty did; we should perform everything twice as quickly as

before; but as our life, our breath, and movements are proportionately hastened, it would be impossible to measure the increased speed, or even to remark it. As far as we could tell, everything had remained precisely as it was before, not comparatively, but absolutely, provided we had no standard external to the accelerated course of events in the world by which we could perceive the changes or measure them. A similar result would follow if we imagined the course of time reduced to the fourth, instead of to the half, so that the year would consist of three months, the greatest age of man would be reduced to twenty of the present years, and our entire life, with that of all the creatures about us, would be passed in a proportionately shortened period. In this case we should not only not perceive the change, but we should in reality suffer no change, since we should live to see everything which we should otherwise have seen, and all the experience and events of our life in their duration and with their consequences would remain unchanged in the relations which they bear to one another. For the same reasons, if the period and processes of life, and the course of events in the world around us, were accelerated a thousand or a million times, or, in short, if they were infinitely shortened, we should obtain a similar result; and we can in this way imagine the entire course of the history of the world compressed into a single immeasurably short space of time, without our being able to perceive the change—in fact, without our having undergone any change. For, whether any space of time is longer or shorter, is a question which can only be answered, and which can, indeed, only be looked upon as reasonable, if we are able to compare the time to be measured with some other limited period, but not if we compare it to the endless duration, which is looked upon as without beginning and without end, which we call "Time."

It is plain, then, that Time is notional, and that the same period might to some beings appear to be a century, and to others a moment. "It is," says our author, "merely a mode and condition by which the human mind, with the assistance of human senses, perceives the occurrence of events; while the events themselves, in all their fulness and perfection, may occur in a longer or a shorter time, and thus must be looked upon as independent of time. A thought is momentary in the individual mind; but he who wishes to communicate it requires *time* for its expression. Hence time is not necessary for the origination of an idea, but only for its communication."

The conclusion drawn from these reflections is, "that the Universe, or Space, as far as it is within the scope of our senses, does not exist in the expanded and varied forms which we see around us, but that the expansion and the differences only depend upon our human mode of perception, and are caused by it."

Such is the sum of the argument of this remarkable little book, which contains ample food for a life of reflection.

HISTORY.

The Reformation in Europe. By CESARE CANTU. Translated by FORTUNATO RANDI. In 2 Vols. Vol. I. London, 1847: Newby. This is but a fragment of a mighty work which the author has undertaken. CANTU has adventured upon no less a task than the composition of a universal history, to be completed, as he hopes, in forty volumes, but probably the limit cannot be ascertained. He promises, however, that eight years from its commencement shall witness its completion. But all his life he has wielded the pen of a ready writer. He is the author of epics, and lyrics, and translations, and essays, and disquisitions, and articles in journals and magazines without number. His novels occupy some twelve or four-

teen volumes. The merit of industry, at least, must be awarded to him.

The plan of the forty volumed history, whence this is extracted, is thus stated by M. RANDI. "It is," he says, "entirely new, embodying modern inventions and discoveries, and exhibiting mankind not in separate sections, but in one collective mass, so as to show that in spite of the stationary or retrograding condition of individual portions, the whole has been constantly progressing towards a higher and purer state of society."

The character of the history, as gathered from this fragment, is precisely such as might have been expected from the character of its author. It contains a vast amount of facts put together in a neat and workmanlike fashion, but presenting none of the qualities that distinguish history from mere chronicle or narrative. It is, perhaps, on that account more pleasant present reading, but it will not take its place upon the shelf as a permanent acquisition to the historical library. It contains the materials for history rather than history itself.

The portion of it which has been translated has been judiciously selected for that purpose. It is a distinct and complete episode, and bears severance from the context. It is that period upon which CANTU has bestowed the most attention, and on which he has succeeded in gleaning many new facts illustrative of the Reformation, its origin and progress. He has also made good use of the writers of the recent publications on the same subject, which in every part of Europe have issued from the press. It is, in fact, a *resumé* of the existing state of knowledge as to LUTHER and his times.

Some of his sketches of the great men of the day are clever, as is this of

ERASMUS.

Luther trusted to the warm support of Erasmus, the most credited man of his day; who had prepared the way for him, and had applauded his first efforts, probably foreseeing only a literary contest between the idolaters of the old school and the abettors of reform and amelioration. Luther flattered this arbiter of fame; but they were two proud spirits in the arena, and Erasmus became jealous of the man, who, though a less finished writer, raised himself to the same level, and attracted the attention of all Germany, formerly fixed on himself alone. In truth, Erasmus can scarcely be praised for his constancy. He was a courtier with insatiable vanity; and he never forgot that to attach himself to one party was to make the other his enemy, thus losing a portion of the praise, incense, and repose which he enjoyed. In his jests he respected neither doctrine nor discipline, but spoke ever covertly, and made use of expressions sufficiently ambiguous to admit of denial if desirable. He spoke ill of the monks as a body, but addressed words of flattery to each individually. He abused the Popes, but kissed the feet of Leo X., and received a pension from him. Little disposed to be a martyr for any religion, he writes thus:—"Luther gave us a salutary doctrine, and excellent advice: would that he had not destroyed their effects by unpardonable errors. But even were there nothing in his writings to gainsay, I have never felt inclined to die for truth. All men are not gifted with the requisite courage to become martyrs; and had I been subject to the like temptation as St. Peter, I fear I should have acted as he did." Stung by the haughty indifference of Luther, he could not resist the desire of humbling his rival. He prepared himself for the attack, and the Catholics exulted: but he had no profound knowledge of the subject, and his book never appeared. If he launched forth his jests against Luther, neither did he spare the Catholics. When the Vicar of the Augustines asked him what Luther had done to incur the hatred of all the world, he replied "Two grievous sins—he attacked the tiara of the Pope

and the bellies of the friars." Luther, after treating him with a lingering regard or compassion, at length addressed him a letter in his own peculiar style, full of cordial abuse. This might have been a fine opportunity for Erasmus to give vent to his sarcasm, and to use his powerful sneers against the thousand adverse opinions which now sprung into life, against the discord among the Reformers, and the increasing superstitions. He, however, took a different view of the matter, and wrote a theological confutation of Luther; instead of assigning limits to the doctrine of Free-will, denied it altogether: Erasmus wished to steer a middle course, and to reconcile Free-will with Grace. But this was not a time for conciliation; and nobody understood a treatise which savoured of the schoolmen, and which could not stand against Luther's reply, overflowing with fervour, imagination, and wit.

This is his sketch of the condition of Europe on

THE EVE OF THE REFORMATION.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century chivalrous sentiments had lost their influence and reason had not yet gained the ascendant. Manners, arts, literature, and politics were tainted with paganism. The universal degradation of society rendered a fundamental change indispensable. On a former occasion the world had been rescued from corruption by the power of Gregory VII., and by the preaching and example of St. Francis and St. Dominic, but now times were changed. * * * Meanwhile inventions multiplied, new ideas created new wants, and education was sought from other sources than Christianity. The study of the Roman law rendered popular the vigorous government of the ancients, and threw discredit on existing institutions and national privileges. Admiration for the beautiful of classical ages replaced the appreciation of the good of modern times. New social institutions had transferred supreme power to lay governors. Science had escaped from the sanctuary; the Fine Arts found nourishment otherwise than from devotion; learning was too widely diffused to be confined to one centre; doubt succeeded to belief, and faith was undermined by the general corruption of morals. The increasing rigour of the Inquisition bore witness to its decay. Spiritual dominion can only repose on the universal consent of the intellect; and the necessity for recurrence to physical force proclaimed the decline of power. This might have passed unobserved in a time of great ignorance; but now learning was diffused, manners were refined, and doubt was introduced. Great changes generally arise in the spirits of thoughtful men, wherein opinions are created which afterwards become universal. Philosophy, which the doctors had sought to combine with the declining and tottering religion, was the subject of disputes arising from the study of Roman jurisprudence and oriental literature; which on the one side led to theurgy, and on the other to rash interpretations of the Divine writings. On the other hand, literature was enthusiastically cultivated, and an epigram or pamphlet in the universal language of the scholars flew from one end of Europe to the other. The higher clergy amid their secular pursuits thought not of acquiring a knowledge of that faith which it was their office to defend and maintain immaculate; and for the most part their inferiors followed the example. The monasteries, hitherto centres of active thought and of the fine arts, had fallen into the torpor of old age and the indolence of luxury. The multitudes of friars occupied formerly in transcribing manuscripts were reduced to idleness by the invention of printing, and applied themselves to questions of little ingenuity and much cavil, while the revival of literature discouraged the senseless scholastic ravings, that had been substituted for solid science.

Very clever is this full length portrait of

PAOLO SARPI.

No one has been so readily classed among the Protestants as the celebrated Venetian friar Paolo Sarpi. He was one of the cleverest men of that time. His seven hundred manuscript thoughts shew that he was thoroughly acquainted with geometry, algebra, astronomy, natural philosophy, mechanics,

areometry, architecture, and magnetism. As the advocate of the republic of Venice in its contest against the Pope, it was his task to inquire into the rights of the Church, and to diminish her jurisdiction in temporal matters. Although he wrote professionally, he took up the cause with such warmth that aversion to the Holy See became his principal characteristic. It needed no great courage to attack it in a republic ever so resolute in repelling Papal encroachments. Whilst insulting the Pope, he flattered Philip II. with predictions that he would enslave Europe as well as Africa, and reduce Paris into a village; whilst passing for a free-thinker, he was excessively humble with the nobles of his own country. He displayed the nature of his liberal principles in the constitutions which he framed for his own order, recommending the application of torture; as also in suggesting the most tyrannical measures to his government. He objected to the court of the Quarantia, because all its resolutions were carried by public debate; a process which he would scarcely suffer in civil questions. In criminal cases, he wished that the Council of Ten alone should decide, as it admitted of no discussion. The system of oppression which he wished to introduce in the Venetian colonies was absolutely infamous. He proposed that the Greeks should be treated as wild beasts, and that they should be degraded in every possible manner, without any regard to humanity. In the Italian provinces he recommended the government to deprive the cities of their privileges, and to impoverish the inhabitants, so that their property should eventually be purchased by the Venetians. He exhorted them to destroy, or bribe at any price, the citizens who were attached to their municipal institutions; and to exterminate popular leaders without resorting to the ordinary course of justice, poison being less hateful and more available than the executioner. * * * It has been asserted that he did really apostatise; but whether he believed or not, he never ceased saying mass. Neither his disregard of all authority but reason, nor his constant search after truth without ever finding where to rest, would be sufficient to evidence his Protestant tendency, had he not given other proofs far more direct. However this may have been, his "History of the Council of Trent" was one of the severest blows then struck at the Church. He worked at it with extreme patience, and contrived to procure many precious materials; particularly the reports of the legates of Venice, which he arranged in such a manner as to produce the effect he wished, not even scrupling to alter them. In times of violent diatribes he preserved a calm appearance as if he had reasoned only upon facts and documents; whereby he struck the unwary, especially as he relieved the tediousness of his subject by a remarkable clearness and amenity of style. He is, however, represented as a most upright man, indefatigable in study, and in collecting information from all sides to work out his own opinions. Having been five times assailed, and once wounded by assassins, he cried out, "I recognise the dagger of the Roman Court!" This exclamation was eagerly circulated, and gave rise to the belief that the blow came from the Jesuits.

He denies that the Church of Rome systematically excluded the Bible from the hands of the laity; and he defends the restrictions placed upon its translation thus:—

The Church had from the earliest ages authorised translations of the Bible. There was a Latin version as early as the first century, and afterwards one by Ulfilla for the Goths, and others for the various converted nations. There were several in Italian. After Jacopo della Voragine, Bishop of Genoa, Nicolo Malerbi, a Camaldolese monk, published a translation at Venice, in 1421, which was reprinted no less than thirty-three times. At Venice, Fra Guido published, in 1486, his four volumes of the Gospels, with explanations by Fra Simone de Cascia. In 1530, Brucioli brought out a complete translation of the Holy Scriptures. An Italian Bible was also printed at Rome in 1471. Passavanti, in his "Specchio di Penitenza" (Mirror of Penitence), complained of the translators of the Bible, "the which they do debase in divers

manners. Some there are that do cut it short by the use of truncated words, as the French and Provençals; some do darken it by the obscurity of their language, as the Germans, Hungarians, and English; some do degrade it by their rude and barbarous dialect, such as the Lombards; some do give it a twofold and uncertain sense by the use of doubtful and ambiguous phrases, as the Neapolitans; some do cover it with the rust of a harsh accent, as the Romans; some do disguise it under the rustic dialect of the marshes or the hills; and some, worse than all, as are the Tuscans, do trouble and defile it by too much freedom of speech, more especially the Florentines do distort and make it distasteful by the frantic mouthing of their Florentine tongue."

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Voice from the Far Interior of Australia.
By a Bushman. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THOUGH a very little book, there is a great deal of good stuff in it. The author speaks out and he speaks well. He is intimately acquainted with the country of which he treats; he has lived there many years: thither he went as a boy, and there he remained until manhood, dwelling for the greater portion of the interval in the wildest parts of the colony, rearing and tending sheep, cattle, and horses. His station was 300 miles from the nearest settled district; nay, he had taken up his abode in the Barwen a full year before Sir THOMAS MITCHELL discovered it. "I saw it change," he says, "like many other Australian discoveries, from a savannah of rich grass, up to my horse's withers, well watered by a broad and rapid river, to an arid desert, through which trickled a thin thread of water uniting a string of waterpools. I have encountered hundreds of wild blacks, fierce myals, who had never before eaten bread, smoked tobacco, or beheld a white face; I have raced for my life and fought for my life with them; I have camped with them, hunted with them, and found them sometimes treacherous enemies, sometimes useful servants. In a time of drought, I have travelled for weeks as a scout in search of water, more than once dependent on a black prisoner for the pools, without which I must have perished, and, after discovering a Canaan, have, while on the road back to it with my flocks and herds, been more than three days in nine days without drinking, a privation under which one of my stock men and two black guides dropped down and died of thirst. I have passed through every grade of colonial life. I arrived in New South Wales at seventeen years of age, fresh from school, with a hundred pounds in my pocket, a stout constitution, a good seat on horseback, and the best sort of English and French education that a lad up to that age gets, when he prefers hunting, shooting, and fishing, to prizes and schoolmasters' praise. I suffered as a new chum (a raw settler) all sorts of impositions and hardships, then became an overseer of an agricultural farm just inside the boundaries, then superintendent of a grazing establishment in the far bush, with 20,000 sheep, beside cattle and horses, under my charge, and at length a proprietor of sheep and cattle myself. Finally, in 1844, smitten with a longing for home, and disgusted with times that brought sheep from 2*l.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* bullocks from 8*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.* and horses from 80*l.* to 10*l.* and with the taxing concentrating crotchets of Sir George Gipps, I sailed for England. I have had seventy men in my employ at one time, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, emigrants, ticket-of-leave men, and prisoners. I have had four men killed by my side in battles with the blacks, and on the Mac-Intyre alone

I read the burial service over twelve who at different times were assassinated by the Aborigines. So, I think, I may claim the benefit of as much experience of Bush life as any man in England; whether my opinions are of any value, others must decide."

The opinions of such a man cannot but be valuable, and his facts still more so. Like many others, if he had been a scribbler by profession he would have made two or three portly volumes out of such materials. As it is, writing like a man of business, who says his say in the fewest words, he compresses the results of this large experience into a little book of less than one hundred pages.

And this arises from no inaptitude at composition. On the contrary, the Bushman writes remarkably well, better than many of our established authors. His style is terse and vigorous, pregnant with meaning, and singularly picturesque, as will be seen by the extracts, which will be more copious than the size of the book would seem to warrant, but with whose length the reader will not grumble when he has perused them; rather he will wish there had been more.

The name being probably better known than its precise meaning understood, we begin with a graphic sketch of

THE BUSH.

Beyond this civilised zone, lies a vast, and in great part undiscovered tract of land in a state of nature, the property of the Crown, rented by the settlers and squatters, who raise the flocks and herds in which the true wealth of Australia lies. These wild lands, in colonial phrase the "Bush," are under the control of the Crown Land Commissioners, a sort of despotic pro-consuls, having each under his government a division somewhat larger than Yorkshire. In this bush-land, there are no roads, no villages, no churches, little law, and less gospel. It is of this part of Australia that so little is known. Bushmen or squatters are not book-writers; they are too much occupied in looking after stray bullocks, and guarding against or curing scabby sheep. The commissioners of crown lands are too few in number, too much occupied with their police duties, and too much under the influence of the theories of the governor for the time being, to be either able or willing to tell the whole truth. Of governors we never see anything, and they never see any thing of us, except in Sydney, and a bushman in Sydney bears about the same resemblance to the same man at his station, that Jack ashore on a spree does to Jack afloat in half-a-gale of wind. Nine-tenths of the people who write about us are passing travellers and traders, who have never paid the interior more than a flying visit, whose information has been picked up at second hand, and whose ideas are as confused as those of a Frenchman about England, when he has passed a season in Leicester-square.

Sydney is the mart of the bushman.

After starving for ten or twenty months on salt beef and damper, and tea without milk, often without sugar, the bushman goes down to Sydney to spend, like an ass, in a month's revelry, money he has worked for like a horse, or say a bullock. The people of Sydney who furnish information for parliamentary petitions, debates, and acts of parliament, know no more about our interests, pursuits, wants, and wishes, than the people of London. They are often as much opposed in politics (local) and prejudices, as country gentlemen to cotton-spinners. We are the manufacturers, they are the brokers. We look on them as cockney usurers, they look on us as semi-savages. I have heard Sydney merchants of high standing, possessing large mortgage interests in grazing-stock, talk about the bush not half so sensibly as Bailie Nicol Jarvie did about the Highlands, before his first and last visit to Rob Roy's land.

MR. E. G. WAKEFIELD'S system of colonisation, which requires that the colonist shall

pay for the land, and that labour shall be brought to him with the purchase-money, however excellent in a rich district, will not do in a grazing country.

New South Wales is not Rutlandshire. Legislators must dismiss from their minds all European notions of space and land value, and remember that every rod of land cultivated in the wilderness is a link added on to the chain of civilisation. Men of large capital are the best wool-growers, but men of small capital make the best bush farmers. They begin by growing enough to feed themselves, and they end by feeding their neighbours, whose live-stock gives them no time for sowing and reaping.

Labour is the great requisite in the bush. But few labourers are worth anything. "Emigrant labourers are worse than useless, unless they have been accustomed to labour for hire. The sweepings of English work-houses and Irish beggars, who have never eaten a good meal or done a day's work in their lives, grow fat and saucy as soon as they exchange their rags and potatoes, or parish uniform and parish allowance, for our fine climate and bushfare.* I would much sooner have a stunted Spitalfields weaver than one of either of the above descriptions.

The reader will be interested in some traits of the

BUSH SERVANTS.

Our bush servants have a passion for reading and story-telling, which is a substitute for books in all wild countries. Nothing would be easier than to take advantage of this passion for working out good ends. I had a good many books, voyages and travels, novels, &c. and, next to a glass of rum, the loan of a book was the greatest favour I could bestow. Night after night, especially in wet seasons, have I seen them sitting in a circle round a fire, smoking their pipes and baking their dampers in the wood ashes, each man with a pipe and a pot of tea before him, listening with the intendment of children while the "best scholar" read the story. After my books had been read by every one on the river, I exchanged them for a complete set of Scott's novels. This sort of exchange is common with us. I remember a shepherd who used to travel with a pack of books, that he bartered whenever he could. There was an emancipist at Summerhill, married, with a large family of children. He cultivated about thirty acres of ground, including an excellent vegetable garden; a very intelligent man, but he could neither read nor write, and never spoke to me without regretting that he had no means of getting a little education for his children.

The author advocates the continuance of transportation under proper regulations. There is much truth in the following:—

If a boy or man in England, however unexceptionable his natural disposition and previous conduct, be guilty of one crime, whether under the influence of poverty, drunkenness, love of forbidden field-sports, or one of those incomprehensible temptations which our fathers not unwisely attributed to the direct agency of the devil, if he once be defiled by the hands of a constable, and pass through the avenging portals of a gaol, he may bid farewell to all hopes of an honest living within gossip-shot of the locality of his offence. He may leave the prison a wiser and a better man, well taught in religious truths, of which he was before ignorant, perhaps gifted with a new trade, but no one will have anything to do with him. In a country where competition for work is so keen that the best characters can barely get constant occupation at remunerative wages, a man with a blotted character has no chance at all. If he has strong arms and strong lungs he may get work on railroads; but prison fare and silent quiet sedentary

* The weekly allowance of a servant in the bush is 10*lbs.* flour, 10*lbs.* beef or mutton, 1½*lb.* sugar, 4*lb.* tea, and ½*lb.* tobacco.

pursuits are a bad preparation for a navigator's life; so he walks forth, with hunger in his belly and poverty in his pockets, to see wealth in every window, and welcome at no door, unless it be at those dens where wretches like himself sell and spend the produce of their felonies.

In New South Wales, on the contrary, as long as the prisoner is kept far from towns, and therefore far from those incorrigible villains who are always beating up recruits for the devil's service, he has every inducement to become an honest man. I would particularly instance the occupation of a shepherd or hut-keeper in the far interior, as one uniting severe punishment with hope in the distance. Hardened crime dares everything, and wretchedness fears no change; but, nevertheless, to all criminals who have one good emotion left, exile is a fearful punishment, more dreaded than any other, except death, that our laws inflict. Such is the opinion of Lord Denman and of our most experienced judges. Let, then, a man or youth be sent across the seas, and forwarded with all possible speed into the bush, to fill the post of a shepherd, and he will find himself following a life as different as possible from that represented in Allan Ramsay's poems, and Edwin Landseer's pictures. Solitary, anxious, monotonous, every day at day-break he must lead his flock into the wilderness, slowly crawl after it until evening, without seeing a human face or hearing a human voice,—be perpetually on the watch against native dogs, sometimes against savage blacks, as well as against the straying propensities of certain ill-conditioned members of his flock. Towards night, he has to bring it home all safe and sound, or stand the risk if he cannot satisfactorily account for any deficiency. Then lambing-time, and ewes with their lambs, and flocks of weaned lambs, are enough to drive a man to distraction. But the worst part is the solitude, the weariness that falls upon one who sees nothing but grass and trees all of the same colour and form, and hears nothing but the birds and sheep, and his dog, and his own voice swearing at them. In fact, scarcely any free man remains a shepherd longer than he can save money and go to some other employment; but if he be compelled to remain at it many years, the drawling inactive habits it generates render him unfit for anything else. I have known assigned servants absolutely refuse to become shepherds, be flogged for disobedience, and still refuse, in terror of the solitary life.

He illustrates these remarks by some instances:—

I once had a servant who afforded a complete illustration of the advantages of transportation. He was born and bred a London thief; all his family had been either hung or transported. He had been transported at eighteen years of age, for stealing jewellery from a shop in Bishopsgate-street, which is called, in thieves' slang, starring the glaize. In prison he had been taught boot-making. He was very clever, very active, and very fond of dress and amusement. After a twelve-month's hut-keeping, during which time he worked hard at boot-making, he would, with a fund of sixty or a hundred pounds, dress himself smartly, according to colonial ideas, lay in a stock of pickles and preserves, and amuse himself with pigeon-shooting, until his money was spent (about three months), when he would again return to hut-keeping. In England, unless he had been born to a fortune, he must have been a confirmed vagabond.

The manner in which these good effects are produced is described by the author.

All persons with any magisterial experience know there are a great many young men who, with an overflow of animal spirits, a strong taste for amusement, not indolent, but periodically idle, combative, with more benevolence than reverence in their composition, are liable to be in constant trouble in thickly populated countries, where they are continually offending some prejudice, or exhausting their superfluous energies in some incorrect manner. Such men make gallant soldiers and sailors in time of war, and famous emigrants. In

the bush they don't get drunk, as there is no liquor to be had within a hundred miles, except at sheep-shearing time. All the game there is they are at liberty to pursue. Constables and stocks do not exist, any more than squires and other authorities, to whom well-bred bumpkins touch their hats. As for any fighting propensities, if they are not absorbed in breaking in wild colts, and stubborn bullocks, herding in wild cattle, and standing the spears and boomerangs of a hostile mob of blacks; why, there are bullock-drivers who would give and take any amount of bruising, and no soul will interfere until either party has had enough. The class of men above described come to us as poachers, horse and sheep stealers, and for manslaughter cases; and are generally first-rate in the wild and dangerous parts of the colony; they lead the forlorn hopes of colonisation.

Big Irish Dan stood six feet two, and was transported for killing several men in a row, yet a more faithful, vigilant, trustworthy servant no man ever had. He used to sit and cry like a child, at the thought of never seeing his wife and children again. In England, no one ever knew an instance of a gypsy steadily pursuing any honest employment, but in New South Wales many of that mysterious race, who have been convicted for horsetealing and similar offences, become invaluable bush servants. In bullock-driving, they find an employment congenial to their errant disposition. Bullocks are curious animals, of very diversified character, and no one can equal gypsies in their thorough knowledge of the ways of quadrupeds. Then, the constant travelling through the bush, the camping in the open air in a fine climate, is an agreeable translation of their European roamings.

The contents of this volume deserve the attention of our statesmen about to deal with the whole question of transportation and secondary punishments.

FICTION.

Hawbuck Grange; or, The Sporting Adventures of Thomas Scott, Esq. By the Author of "Handley Cross," &c. London.

The very slenderest thread of a fiction is an excuse for putting together a series of sketches of fox-hunting. The scene is laid in Wales, or rather upon the borders. Thomas Scott, esq., the hero, is a thorough-bred sportsman; he brings about him divers congenial characters, and pays long visits to friends, which serve to introduce other personages, scenery, and forms of sport. As such, it will be read with interest by all who are fond of sporting, or can enter into a sportsman's feelings. But, as a mere novel, it has no pretensions to the patronage of the circulating libraries. It will be thoroughly enjoyed by those of whose occupations it is a very spirited and clever picture. To the rest of the world it will be dull enough. But there is a sufficiently large circle of fit audience to exhaust an edition or two, and by all who care about sporting matters it should be read without fail, as their evening's treat after their day's toil. One or two short extracts will shew the style.

A DISMAL DAY.

We never ask any questions, but somehow there are certain indications that give us an idea as to what sort of a day it is before we get to the finishing touch of the toilette. One's razors give the first indications of a raw ungenial atmosphere; and an eye into the fields or towards the road shews how the country people are clad. If the carters have their duffle coats on, and the poor turnip-pullers their thick shawls wrapped across their breasts, it is a sure sign of a raw unkindly atmosphere—an atmosphere warranting the warm-backed waistcoat, if not the lambs-wool and fleecy-hosiery also. The November of 1846, to which season the following adventures of our friend Mr. Scott are confined, was the worst hunting November that perhaps ever was

known. It was more like a bad March than the glorious, sloppy, burning-scent sort of weather peculiar to that month. November is generally the freshest, greenest spot on memory's hunting waste, but the one in question will be remembered more as a nasty, harsh, windy, mutton-broth, cold-in-the-head, shivering-shaking sort of affair, than for the sterling qualities associated—in a sportsman's mind at least—with November's existence. The fact is, the year 1846 was a month in advance of itself all the way through, and we had November in October. There was very good hunting in October in many counties—that is to say, the huntmen and whips had very good hunting. We will describe a November day of 1846, for the benefit of posterity, should the plates save our work from the trunk-maker or butterman. On Monday, the 16th, Mr. Neville's hounds met at Hordean Toll-bar, midway between the towns of Scrapetin and Skinfint, and having scarcely recovered from a half-suppressed, half-cured, aguish sort of cold, which had prevented his taking the field before, Mr. Scott was anything but pleased at the dull, unblooming look of the clipped horse's coat, when he went into the stable, confirming the suspicions he had indulged in while dressing, of its being a nasty cold day. When he got upon the road he found his worst fears confirmed, for the mudscraps were dry on the north side, and the whole surface of the turnpike gave indications of its being a cold drying day. The horse didn't like it, and champed the bit, and set up his back, as though anxious to warm himself with a gallop.

There are some days of so dubious undefined a character, that one may ring the changes with the people we meet between a "fine day and a bad day" with the probable chance of success with each, but it would have required an extremely complaisant person to agree that this was a pleasant day—a nice day, or a day deserving any of the various forms of phraseology denoting approval of the weather. It was an arid drying day, with just sufficient wind to send the cold cutting air through one's carcase. Even fox-hunters—of all men the most merciful and least hasty in condemning a day—could only observe "that it might be better than it looked." A day certainly may be so bad as to be good for nothing but fox-hunting, but these are generally of the sloppy order, not your withering, dust-raising sort of days. Moreover, such a day in November is perfectly discreditable, for the least one can expect is to come home with one's feet well wet up to the ankles, from the alushness of the ground. A scarlet coat is generally considered a better specific against cold than the stoutest double-milled broad-cloth or extra strong saxon; but on this day its charms were gone. Mr. Scott shivered as he went along. The few men he overtook were flopping their arms, or had their mouths tied up in shawls or cravats, as though they were coming from the dentist's. The greetings were of the desponding order, as if each thought he would be better at home. If Tom had been ordered by the Horse Guards, the Admiralty, the Home Secretary, or any one in authority, to turn out on such a day, how he would have grumbled! What a pretty kick-up he'd have made. Nevertheless, there he was, trotting along, trying to delude himself into the belief that it was pleasure.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

His thoughts immediately flew to Snailswell and matrimony; and if he had not wanted most particularly to see how his drainers were getting on, and whether Jack Hoggers had harrowed out the oat-field or not, we have little doubt he would have trotted over to Snailswell, and finished the day with a little tea and courtship. "I'll go to-morrow, anyhow," said he. "I'll not bother Mother Bluff about her teeth; at all events, I'll go over and see her," continued he, relapsing into cautiousness, and thinking he could make the old excuse of trying the brother's three-year-old serve again, as it had already served him very often. Having at length equipped himself for country exercise, he broke cover and proceeded down stairs. On the centre of a most bachelor-like little table in the middle of the parlour, conspicuous on the green baize cover, lay a note, pink paper, with a blue

seal—a woman's all over! "Why, here's a letter from her!" exclaimed Tom, darting to where it lay. He opened and read it. Thus it ran—

"Snailswell, Friday.
"My dear Mr. Scott,—The kind, I may say fatherly, interest you have ever taken in my welfare, makes me anxious to give you the earliest intelligence of a matter deeply affecting my future prospects. My cousin, Harry Crow, to whom you doubtless know I have long been deeply attached, has at length made sufficient money to enable him to quit the sea; and we are about to be married forthwith. I would not for the world that you should hear of this from any one but myself. I have therefore sent the boy over on the young horse at exercise; and, with the repeated expression of my sincere gratitude for all your kindness, believe me to remain, my dear Mr. Scott, ever yours, most sincerely,
"LYDIA CLIFTON.

"P.S.—Would you have the kindness to ask your housekeeper for her receipt for making gooseberry fool, and send it by post, as the boy must not wait."

"Curse those cousins!" exclaimed Tom, dropping the note, and sinking into his easy chair.

POETRY.

Religion and Poetry: being Selections, Spiritual and Moral, from the Poetical Works of the Rev. R. MONTGOMERY, M. A. Oxon, Author of "Luther," "Gospel in Advance of the Age," &c. &c.; with an Introductory Essay, by ARCHER GURNEY, Author of "King Charles the First." Translator of "Faust." Second Edition. London, Nisbet and Co. 1847.

MR. GURNEY commences his critical and laudatory essay upon the works of Mr. R. MONTGOMERY by remarking that there are few subjects that have occupied public attention, which have called forth a greater number of conflicting opinions. This he attributes, not only to variety of literary taste, but to the opposition provoked by the very decided theological views expressed in the writings of this author, and "to somewhat of that envy which frequently dogs success as its attendant shadow." We are of opinion that the first of these suppositions is made upon just grounds. Any appearance of sectarian views, however mildly enunciated, cannot fail of awakening the virulence of some among those who entertain opposing principles: the same spirit, the demon of party-feeling, which animates the one side is attributed to the other, and by means of that attribution, not improbably created. To us his second position seems somewhat uncharitable and without any sufficient foundation. In the case of other authors whose works have attained as great, or greater success than Mr. MONTGOMERY's, no such hostility has been displayed. Throughout the essay there is evinced great ability, a considerable share of critical discernment, and a lively perception of poetic beauty, mingled with some prejudice, and a little of the bitterness of party-feeling. In the following terms he characterises a criticism of Mr. MACAULAY's:—"I may be allowed to say, that a more pitiable display of one-sided literary spite, if not of something worse, was never exhibited than in this writer's assault upon MONTGOMERY's *Omni-presence of the Deity*, in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*." He then proceeds to make a charge of unfairness, upon which, as we have neither read the poem nor the article referred to, we are not qualified to make a comment; but we cannot pass unnoticed Mr. GURNEY's remarks upon the republication of this review in Mr. MACAULAY's collected critical writings. It seems that since it was first published, many of the condemned passages have

been suppressed by the author, and that Mr. MACAULAY has republished his article, without the slightest allusion to those alterations and corrections. "Such a procedure," says Mr. GURNEY, "carries its own condemnation with it. It manifests, I fear, but too plainly that Mr. MACAULAY delights in this opportunity of insulting and wounding the feelings of the Christian who has so sternly condemned that class of 'semi-indifferent' literary men to whom he himself too probably belongs, and who has carried the sympathies of the public with him in so doing." Mr. MACAULAY's alleged unfairness is no apology for Mr. GURNEY's, so very glaringly as it is displayed above. How did he acquire so clear an insight into Mr. MACAULAY's motives? and what right has he to make such a supposition as that with which we have concluded our quotation? It is the first time that we ever heard it insinuated that it was incumbent upon a critic to read every edition of every work he may have happened to review; and so much seems intimated by Mr. GURNEY's strictures, otherwise he might have accounted for Mr. MACAULAY's neglect by supposing that he was not aware of the emendations.

But at present our business is not so much with Mr. MONTGOMERY and his critics, as with the selections from his works which compose the little volume before us. These contain beauty of no common order, and incontestably prove Mr. MONTGOMERY's right to a high rank among the sons of song. Most of them are characterised by a truly catholic spirit; they are all marked by great depth of thought, a combined kindness and tenderness of imagination, a vivid perception of the beautiful, a wide embracing sympathy, and the earnestness of a man who writes from the lofty conviction that in thus giving utterance to his thoughts, he is fulfilling the purpose of his life. Mr. MONTGOMERY's poems are the manifest outpourings of feelings which dare not be silent. They have about them all the genuineness of genius. There has been much good taste displayed in the selection of these passages, and we should think that many who might feel it a burdensome task to peruse Mr. MONTGOMERY's voluminous works in their complete form, will be charmed and delighted with these selections. They are the cream of his writings, and are comparatively free from the blemishes which may perhaps have called forth an undue share of animadversion. So numerous are the passages which offer themselves to our admiration that we are at a loss which to select. Resisting, on account of its length, to extract one on Poetry, we take the next, which is equally beautiful:—

MUSIC.

The dewy spirit of a summer rain
Falls not with fresher magic on the flower,
Than flows sweet music through the soul of man.
The heavens were hung in melody; the sea
Weaves music when she rolls her full-voiced waves:
The cloud-born thunders sound an organ peal;
And every breeze hath music in its breath
That throbs its way along the lyric air.
What wonder, then, while nature hymns around,
That music is a sympathy to souls,
The power of exquisite delight? From lips
Of beauty, like aroma from the mind
Exhaling forth, or in the hoary aisle
Of dim cathedral dying slow away;
Or in some dream-built palace of the night
Where angel whisperers make the spirit glow.
How sweet is music! with the light rainbows.

And thy sad voice, poor minstrel of the street!
Hath sweetness in its sorrow; wild thine air,
And dim the meaning of that mournful eye;
Oh, yes! cold poverty hath made thee droop,
And worn the health-bloom of thy once fair cheek:
Pale lipp'd thou art, and charity may read
Upon thy face the story of thy life;

The damp night gush, the stony bed, the gripe
Of famine, and that fever of a soul
That not a smile hath visited through years
Of deep despair,—hast thou not felt them, maid
Of many sorrows? Yet so sweetly flows
The tide of music in thy homely song
Of tenderness, that when I hear thee sing,
As in a vision, thou art beautified above
Thy lot; and tripping o'er the dewy hills
When young birds pipe their anthems to the morn,
Like some bright creature, whom the wood-gods love,
I see thee in thy youth's elysian prime!

That voice—oh! was it born of misery,
Or breathed by happiness into thy soul,
When, hand in hand, o'er far remember'd fields,
Down briery lanes, by margins of clear brooks,
And chiming streams, she led thee in her love?
Hast thou not hallowed oft with cottage hymn,
Some happy evening hour, and called the smile
Of holiness upon thy father's cheek,
As flowed his kindled feelings in thy song
Of adoration? Minstrel of the street!
Whate'er has been thy lot, thy ballads breathe
Of summer days to me, and from each strain
My heart can gather echoes, which have wings
To bear it downward into years, where lie
The buried joys that will not bloom again!

With what truth does the poet describe

THE POWER OF GENIUS!

Who hath not felt the might of genius rise,
And stir his spirit to a storm of thought?
Oh! I could kneel like Homage at his feet,
Whose overwhelming lines of mind have witch'd
My fancy, and unlock'd a thousand springs
Of feeling, that have never gushed before!
So haughty is my joy, that I have blush'd
For all dark thoughts, and all demeaning cares.
In such wrapt mood our solitude is fill'd
With bright creations; and Elysian scenes
Ope in a vision on the eye of thought.
Thus warmed by Genius, hie thee to the haunts
Where Nature shews her blooming face! how bright
The sun! how beautiful the liquid air,
Like floating music!—and the soft-toned wind,
Around thee humming like a breath of joy!
A veil of beauty o'er the world is drawn,
And one heart seems to beat for all mankind;
Till, full of glorious feeling, thou would'st fain
Become an angel to adore thy God,—
A more than mortal to complete his praise!

What lofty spirit has not experienced its
affinity to the mysterious power, the existence
of which is so finely shadowed forth in the
following verses?

THE UNDEFINED.

And what art thou?—the dark unknown,
Thy name to mortals bound and blind;
Yet, like a faint heard mystic tone,
Thy meaning hovers o'er my mind.

I see thee in the vigil star,
I hear thee in the tragic deep,
And, like a feeling from afar,
Thy shadow riseth o'er my sleep.

Thou comest where the witching power
Of festive breasts alone should be,
Till life itself appears an hour,
That flutters o'er eternity!

Some of the more strictly religious pieces are equally beautiful. The title of the work is very appropriate, and the volume, from its outward form and typographical merits, as well as from the intrinsic value of its contents, would form a suitable gift for the approaching season for such interchanges of regard.

Athelstan, a Tragedy: Life and Death, an Allegory; and other Poems. By EDMUND H. WHITE. Second Edition. London, 1847. Strange.

INDEPENDENTLY of the intrinsic merit of this work, the circumstances of the author invest it with interest. A tragedy by a railway guard, possessed of any literary merit, could not fail to be considered a remarkable production, and as such to attract the attention of the public. We find accordingly that Mr. WHITE has, in the short space of less than three months, disposed of every copy of the first edition of his

work, and has, besides the rapid sale, been otherwise encouraged by numerous letters to venture on the publication of a second. Apart, however, from the considerations induced by the situation of the author, his work possesses a claim to our attention; it evinces talent of no mean order, and gives promise of better things for the future, when practice and experience shall have developed the powers and perfected the taste of the author. Mr. WHITE possesses the power of keeping alive the interest of his readers; his productions are marked by just sympathies, and characterised by genuine poetic feeling. There is about all the poems a freshness which carries the conviction that they are in truth the reflex of the author's mind, and which goes far to compensate for the crudities with which they are occasionally a little disfigured. Mr. WHITE would do well to devote himself a little more to the study of the nicer shades of human character—a study for which most persons have time and opportunity, and for which Mr. WHITE's clear perception of the broader distinctions seems to indicate that he possesses the ability. As perhaps the most favourable specimen of his powers, we subjoin the following lifelike sketch:—

THE POACHER.

For three long weeks he vainly sought
Employment far and near;
His children nightly round him ran,
With hungry bellies, pale and wan,
And eyes dimm'd with a tear.

He took them each upon his knee,
And thought his heart would break;
"God help us now, my pretty dears!"
He said, while hot and scalding tears
Cours'd down his furrow'd cheek.

"Good wife," at length he fiercely cried,
"Our children must have bread!
I cannot, will not sit supine,
And see them waste away and pine—
Our children must be fed!"

He rose and left his humble cot,
And sought the forest glade;
Beneath the branches of a tree
He sat in silent agony,
Of ev'ry sound afraid.

At length he heard a rustling sound.
A hare came bounding by;
He rais'd his stick, it whizzing fell—
He seiz'd his prey—'twere vain to tell
How soon poor puss did die.

He hurried home, half mad with joy—
He quickly dress'd the hare;
His children all, with fond caress,
Press'd on his lips a grateful kiss,
Pleas'd with their dainty fare.

Night came, and with it officers
To drag him off to gaol;
His wife's loud screams, his children's cries,
His own heart-breaking agonies,
Were all of no avail.

Morn came, and at the felon's bar
He stood in woeful plight;
His haggard cheeks, his sunken eye,
Spoke more than words the misery
That urg'd him on that night.

The justice sat in solemn state,
With calm, portentous brow,
And sternly told him, if defence
He had, or pleaded innocence,
That he must do it now.

He cast his eyes around the court,
Saw none to plead his cause;
He raised his head, and thus he spoke:
"Tis true, your worship, I have broke
One of my country's laws;

"I've seen the lord, the squire, the priest,
Ride on a foaming steed;
I've seen them hunt the timid hare,
Whose shriek resounded in the air,
And made my own breast bleed.

"I saw my wife and children weep,
I heard them cry for food;
My brain with anguish madly whirl'd,
I curs'd myself and all the world,
And hurried to the wood.

"I slew the hare, I fed my babes,—
The rest your worship knows."
He ceased; a gentle murmur ran
Through crowded court, as that poor man
Related thus his woes.

The justice rose, and thus address'd
The culprit as he stood:
"The case is clear; the law must be
Obey'd alike by you and me—
'Tis for our country's good.

"This time, you only for a month
To prison will be sent;
But if you here again appear,
For poaching, you will find severe
Will be your punishment!"

The Life and Works of William Cowper. Edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAW, M.A. Vol. VIII. Tegg and Co.

THIS volume contains "COWPER'S Miscellaneous Poems," and the "Sketch of the Life of the Rev. JOHN NEWTON." It is a beautiful library edition of one of our most beloved household poets, and as such should find a place in every library.

EDUCATION.

New French Grammar, with Exercises adapted to the Rules, &c. By F. C. MEADOWS, M.A. of the University of Paris. London, 1848. Tegg and Co.

It would be difficult to discover a new form of grammar; but this one combines the best portions of all the old systems, and it illustrates them with the most copious, correct, and practically useful series of examples we have ever seen. The fault of almost all grammars, in almost all languages, is, that instead of choosing for examples of rules sentences which are in common use, and therefore worth committing to memory, they usually select such as are never employed in ordinary conversation. In fact, they teach the pupil to write but not to talk. It is the special merit of this grammar that it does both, but pays particular attention to the latter as the most practically useful.

A Book of Stories for Young People. By MARY HOWITT, Mrs. S. C. HALL, and Mrs. C. CLARKE. London. Orr and Co.

AN elegant and attractive gift-book. The stories are well selected so as to please as well as to improve the young reader. It is handsomely printed, embellished with engravings, and bound in gold and crimson like any of the annuals. MARY HOWITT'S *Favourite Scholar* is a delightful story, and Mrs. S. C. HALL'S *Little Chatterbox* will be a fireside favourite.

The Girl's Own Book. By Mrs. CHILD. The Fourteenth Edition. London. Tegg and Co.

WE cannot count the number of times, during the three years' labours of THE CRITIC, that we have been called upon to notice new editions of the *Girl's Own Book*. With such proof of its popularity, nothing remains for the reviewer but to announce that it is now for the fourteenth time reprinted, with some additions and improvements, and with a somewhat handsomer binding, so as to adapt it specially for the approaching season of prizes and presents, for both of which it is the very thing. Let papas, mammas, teachers, and friends imagine 350 pages describing in simple language, and with excellent woodcuts, to make the words more intelligible, the active exercises and games in which their little girls may harmlessly or even profitably revel; instructions how to make baskets; how to knit and net; how to garden and frame pretty ornaments; added to these a collection of puzzles, riddles, and charades, and they will form some conception of the acceptable nature of the *Girl's Own Book* to those for whose special use and behoof it has been compiled.

RELIGION.

Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ. Daily Scripture Readings. By the late THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D. In 3 vols. Vol. I. Hamilton and Co.

THE posthumous works of Dr. CHALMERS are to appear in a series, of which the *Scripture Readings* are the first, and of these, which are to be comprised in three volumes, the opening one is before us.

It consists of the Doctor's commentaries upon the Scripture noted down in the course of his private readings. Their history is stated by Dr. HANNA. "The two series of Biblical compositions now to be offered to the public, were commenced by Dr. CHALMERS in October 1841, and continued with unbroken regularity till the day of his decease. Go where he might, however he might be engaged, each week-day had its few verses read, thought over, written upon—forming what he denominated *Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ*: each Sabbath day had its two chapters, one in the Old and the other in the New Testament, with the two trains of meditative devotion recorded to which the reading of them respectively gave birth—forming what he denominated *Horæ Biblicæ Sabbaticæ*. When absent from home, or when the manuscript books in which they were ordinarily inserted were not beside him, he wrote in short-hand, carefully entering what was thus written in the larger volumes afterwards. Not a trace of haste, or of the extreme pressure from without to which he was so often subjected, is exhibited in the handwriting of these volumes. There are but few words omitted, scarcely any erased. Instead of being a first and an only copy, written often in the midst of a multitude of engagements, they look more like the last and the corrected copy of one who had few other tasks than that of their preparation to occupy him. In preparing the *Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ*, he had beside him for use and reference, the *Concordance*, the *Pictorial Bible*, POOLE'S *Synopsis*, HENRY'S *Commentary*, and ROBINSON'S *Researches in Palestine*. These constituted what he called his 'Biblical Library.' 'There,' said he to a friend, pointing as he spoke to the above-named volumes, as they lay together on his library table, with a volume of the *Quotidianæ*, in which he had just been writing, lying open beside them, 'there are the books I use; all that is Biblical is there. I have to do with nothing besides in my Biblical study.' To the consultation of these few volumes he throughout restricted himself. It would have interfered with—it would have defeated his primary design in commencing these compositions, had he used the many other helps which were at hand—had he been led away by their employment into any lengthened critical, or historical, or doctrinal investigations. These writings were not intended to be the vehicles of learned research. They were not intended to constitute an elaborate exposition. He had no intention of drawing up for the use of others a regular commentary on the Holy Scriptures. The thought of others, the idea of publication, was not in his mind when he began to write. He used the pen in this instance for his own private benefit alone. Seeking to bring his mind into as close and as full contact as possible with the passage of the Bible which was before him at the time, he recorded the thought suggested, the moral or emotional effects produced—that these thoughts might the less readily slip out of his memory, that these effects might be more pervading and more permanent. His great desire was to take off from the sacred page as quick, as fresh, as vivid, and as complete an impression as he could; and in using his pen to aid in this, his object was far more to secure thereby a faithful transcript of that impression than either critically to examine or minutely to describe the mould that made it. His own description of these *Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ* was, that they consisted of his first and readiest thoughts, and he clothed these thoughts in what to him, at least, were the first and readiest words. Traces of his own peculiar phraseology do constantly occur, and yet in such a form as to demonstrate of that phraseology that it was as capable of condensation as of expansion.

sion; that it could be brief and aphoristic, or ample and many-volumed, as the time or the object might require."

It seems to have been Dr. CHALMERS's habit to read every day a certain number of verses, never less than six, but sometimes extending to a chapter, and upon these he made his notes, which thus necessarily range over a vast variety of themes, for he did not limit himself to theology, but when the text suggested them set down his thoughts upon almost every question of the time—ethics, politics, philosophy, and political economy; always however practically applying them to religion, and shewing how they illustrated and confirmed one another, as, indeed, does all truth, of which one of the tests is its consistency with all other truths. Thus we are presented with a curious and interesting collection of the opinions of a profound and singularly clear-headed and sensible thinker upon topics of temporal as well as spiritual interest, which give to this volume great value and attractions beyond the limits of Sunday reading. A few of these we select.

The Voluntary System is suggested by a text:—"Exodus xxxvi. 1-7.—What the Lord commanded was, that such and such work should be done, not that such and such contributions should be rendered to it. These He left free; and accordingly they were brought in the form of free offerings. The commandment was upon Moses, however, to proclaim and receive these offerings, and then turn them to the use which had been appointed. Still God is all in all. He put the wisdom to devise in the hearts of some, the willingness to give in the hearts of others. Shower down such gifts and graces, O Lord, on the friends of Scotland's people and Scotland's Church! It is delightful to be told, as we are here, of the sufficiency, nay, exuberance, of the voluntary principle for the object assigned to it: no argument, however, for an exclusive voluntarism. It is in striking conformity with human nature, that for the erections, as in this instance, of the tabernacle, God should not have imposed a levy upon His worshippers, but drawn on their free will; whereas for the maintenance of the ecclesiastical labourers a legal provision was instituted. It was thus that we aimed at the prosecution of Church Extension—subscriptions for the places of worship—an endowment for their officiating ministers."

Here is a specimen of the practical application of Scripture to the science of humanity. He is commenting on the life of ABRAHAM:—"The various particulars of this transaction evince very considerable progress, in that early period, in economics, in commerce, in law. There is money, and of a given denomination or coin—balances for weighing it—a standard thereof, such as was current with the merchant—a superiority, therefore, in the methods of trade above the way of barter—forms in the conveyance and exchange of property before witnesses, as here in the audience of the people of Heth—the terms and specifications of a bargain, by which its several particulars were made sure to ABRAHAM in the presence of and before many witnesses;—all serving to confirm the doctrine that the progress in these days was from an original civilisation down to barbarism—the civilisation being coeval with the first and earliest revelations or with ADAM himself. A thorough attention to these early chapters of Genesis confirms our belief in this tenet—supported as it is by this very strong negative argument, that a nation was never known to emerge simultaneously and unaided from the savage state—the civilisation thereof having always, as far as is known, originated in, or been aided by, a movement or influence from without."

We take one other remark, suggested by the same theme:—"Genesis xxxiii. 1-12.—Altogether, the interest of this narrative of ABRAHAM's life grows upon us as we proceed in it—ennobled, as it is, by the sublimities of the most exalted, and at the same time softened and made attractive by the implication therewith of all that is touching and familiar in the dearest of human affections. It attaches to him another claim upon our sympathies, when we behold him moved by the death of SARAH, and coming forth to

mourn and to weep for her. I have long been impressed with the dignified politeness of the patriarch as laid before us in this passage—with the discourses he made to the people of the land, and the repetition of which, as given in verse twelfth, falls on my ear with the cadence and effect of high poetry. There is nothing in the etiquette of courts and parliaments, or in any of our forms of highest breeding, which so powerfully expresses the respect of man for his fellows. This, too, would make an admirable subject for the pencil."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Half Hours with the Best Authors. Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. Vol. III.

WE have noticed this work in the course of its appearance in parts. Its plan is excellent. It presents for every day's reading a passage from one of the best authors, on some interesting subject. Every seventh day's portion is from the works of one of our divines, and once a week there is a collection of poetry for perusal. Altogether it forms an unique selection from the literature of all ages and countries, made with extremely good taste, and calculated to be improving as well as interesting to readers of every class, from the youth to the man, and of both sexes. It is especially adapted for the family circle. Occasionally the portion consists of a collection of apothegms. We take a few from one of these.

REAL COURAGE.—I have read of a bird, which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man; who, coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself. Such is in some sort the condition of Sir Edward Harwood. This accident, that he had killed one in a private quarrel, put a period to his carnal mirth, and was a covering to the eyes all the days of his life. No possible provocations could afterwards tempt him to a duel: and no wonder that one's conscience loathed that whereof he had forfeited. He refused all challenges with more honour than others accepted them; it being well known that he would set his foot as far in the face of his enemy as any man alive.—FULLER. *Worthies—Lincolnshire.*

Dr. KETTLE.—Mr. —, one of the fellows (in Mr. Francis Potter's time), was wont to say that Dr. Kettle's brain was like a hasty pudding, where there was memory, judgment, and fancy, all stirred together. He had all these faculties in great measure, but they were all so jumbled together. If you had to do with him, taking him for a fool, you would have found in him great subtlety and reach: *à contra* if you treated with him as a wise man, you should have mistaken him for a fool. A neighbour of mine told me he heard him preach once in St. Mary's Church at Oxon. He began thus: "It being my turn to preach in this place, I went into my study to prepare myself for my sermon, and I took down a book that had blue strings, and looked in it, and 'twas sweet St. Bernard. I chanced to read such a part of it, on such a subject, which hath made me to choose this text —." I know not whether this was the only time or no, that he used this following way of conclusion:—"But now I see it is time for me to shut up my book, for I see the doctor's men come in wiping of their beards from the ale-house."

As they were reading and circumscribing figures, said he, "I will shew you how to inscribe a triangle in a quadrangle. Bring a pig into the quadrangle, and I will set the college dog at him, and he will take the pig by the ear; then come I and take the dog by the tail, and the hog by the tail, and so there you have a triangle in a quadrangle."—AUBREY.

"YOUTH.—Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the next place young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, Sir, young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age:

they have more wit, and humour, and knowledge of life than we had; but the dogs are not so good scholars. Sir, in my early days I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good; but I had all the facts. I remember very well, when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come unto you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.'—JOHNSON, in *Boswell*.

And one of the poems by LOGAN, which preceded WORDSWORTH on the same subject, and, as we should surmise, suggested it.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou flyest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

New Curiosities of Literature and Book of the Months. By GEORGE SOANE, Esq. B.A. London, 1847.

THERE is no novelty in the design of this work, but Mr. SOANE has gleaned from very miscellaneous readings much that had escaped his predecessor, LEIGH HUNT, in his excellent *Every-day Book*. The months, indeed, are only the pretences for stringing together a variety of extracts that have little or no connection with the season or with one another. Dropping the title and looking only at the contents, which is the most favourable aspect in which it can be viewed, it may be said of it that it is a laborious, curious, and amusing compilation: but, like all such works, more pleasant for occasional reading during an idle half hour than for continuous perusal. Of its contents we can give but two specimens. The first is an account of a singular revel of the French in the middle ages.

THE FEAST OF FOOLS.

The abbot being elected at the time above-mentioned, Te Deum is sung, and he is borne home on the shoulders of his companions; the place being especially adorned for the purpose, and where due potations are in readiness. At his entrance all arise; and the wine being drunk, the abbot, or in his absence the precentor, begins a chant; the two opposing choruses gradually increasing in loudness, and trying to outshout the other, with running accompaniments of howling, hissing, laughing, mocking, and clapping of hands; at the conclusion of which the janitor makes proclamation *ex officio*: "De par Mossenhor Labat è sos Cosseliers vos fam assaber que tot homs lo sequa lay on voura anar'ea quosus la pena de talhar lo braye;" that is, "Monsignor the Abbot and his Councillors give you to know that all men must follow him wheresoever he

goes, on pain of having their breeches cut off." Hereupon the abbot and the rest rush out of the house, and parade the city; the former being saluted by all who meet him in his progress. This lasts till the eve of the Nativity; and during the whole time the abbot wears a costume suitable to the part he is playing. From other authors we learn that the excesses went far beyond what is here related by Ducange. According to such accounts, some of the characters were masked, or had their faces bedaubed with paint, either grotesquely or so hideously as to excite terror. In this state they danced into the choir, singing obscene songs; and the deacons and subdeacons took a pleasure in eating puddings and sausages upon the altar, under the nose of the officiating priest; they played too at cards and dice before his face, and placed fragments of old shoes in the holy water, that he might be annoyed. Mass being over, they ran and jumped and danced about the church, stripping themselves naked, and performing every sort of indecency; and afterwards, by way of varying their amusements, paraded the city in carts filled with filth, which they flung at the crowds about them. From time to time these savoury vehicles would stop, to give them an opportunity of exhibiting themselves in lascivious pantomime, accompanied by songs that were not a jot more decent. What they were, cannot be better indicated than by the fact that none but the most licentious of the laity could be found to join in them as actors, however much they might enjoy the show as lookers-on; and it gives us a curious insight into the policy of the priesthood, that they could thus allow the worst of the rabble to play the part of fools in the costume of monks and nuns.

The other describes a heathen festival:—

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN ANCIENT ROME.

On the day before the calends, the whole city was in a fever of expectation; and as the evening advanced a jubilee prevailed among all classes, the Forum being crowded with people. Presents, too, of all kinds might be seen passing to and fro in every quarter of the city; some for ornament, and others for the table; some from the rich to the poor, and others from the poor to the rich; some amongst the wealthy classes, and others, in like manner, among those who had little to give, but who loved the old custom too well to let it pass by unhonoured. But this merry-making by day would seem to have been little more than a prologue, though a very jovial one, to the revel that followed sunset. Deep in the night all was song and dance, laugh and jest, both in the streets and at home; no one thought of sleeping; or, if any drowsy folks were so inclined to offend against the laws of good fellowship, they were quickly taught that the liberty of rest and quiet was the only liberty not allowed at such a season. The obstreperous revellers would knock long and loudly at their doors; and the more angry they were, the greater was the delight of their tormentors, as well as of the casual passers-by, who thought the joke much too good to be interrupted. It is probable that these previous or introductory festivities were not capable of much augmentation; yet, still it was with daybreak that the real business of the season may be said to have commenced. The columns and porches of the houses were wreathed with laurel or other green branches; and troops of gay companions might be seen, clad, for the most part, in purple, and bearing small torches, who accompanied with acclamations some rich man on horseback to the shrines and temples. Servants followed and scattered gold amongst the people; so that a constant scramble was kept up, to the great amusement of all parties. Having performed the usual sacrifices to the gods, they then went round to the magistrates, and bestowed New Year's gifts upon their servants. But this was all done openly; the money passing through the hands of those in office to their subordinates, and the former kissing the person to whom he presented the intended gift. Others imitated this example; gold flowed about freely on all sides; and the revelry, in consequence, soon reached its height, for at a time like this there were few hoarders amongst any class. So ended the first day.

Select Writings of Robert Chambers. Vol. VII. Edinburgh: Chambers and Co.

This completes the series of Mr. R. CHAMBERS'S Miscellaneous Works, and certainly a more varied production of one mind is scarcely to be found in the whole range of our literature. This volume contains "The Popular Rhymes of Scotland," which the author appears to have made his particular study. The collection is extensive, and his comments upon the quaint and curious verses are always acute and often learned.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Bird Miscellanies, illustrative of the Habits and Faculties of Birds. By JAMES RENNIE. In 1 vol. London, 1847. Cox.

THIS forms the 24th and 25th of "KNIGHT'S Monthly Volumes." It must be sufficiently familiar to all of our readers who love Natural History, for it appeared in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge." And by all who read it there, it will not fail to be recommended to those who have grown into readers since their enjoyment of it. We know not a more attractive book, nor a more wholesome one, nor a more instructive one. It should find a place in every school library. It should be read aloud by the fire-side. It should be carried into the country in summer time and perused amid the haunts of the lovely creatures whose works and ways it describes. It is profusely illustrated by engravings of great beauty.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

History of Mexico, her Civil Wars, and Colonial Revolutionary Annals, from the period of the Spanish Conquest, 1520, to the present time, 1847. By PHILIP YOUNG, M.D. Cincinnati: J. A. and U. P. James.*

THE history of Mexico, from the period of the landing of Cortez, at Vera Cruz, on Good Friday, 1519, to the present time, has been little beside a series of war and bloodshed, of intestine commotion, massacre, and oppression. Ignorant and fickle, the blind and down-crushed Aztec, as well as the priest-ridden and luxurious Creole, and the bigoted Spaniard, have each and all combined, now to elevate some brilliant and crafty favourite, and anon sick of their idol, or outraged at his enormities, have dragged him from power to pay with his life the penalty of popular approval. In reading the history of this blood-steeped land, the wonder grows upon the reader how it is possible for any people to survive such prodigal waste of life. No sooner is an insurrection quelled in one district at the expense, it would seem, of its best population, than another out-break is followed by the same terrible results; and plain and mountain-hold send forth their myriads again and again to perish in the cause of some aspiring leader, who raises some popular battle-cry to fire the enthusiasm of the masses, who gain nothing in return but a grave, in which the dreams of the ambitious, and the hopes of the patriot, are each alike hushed to slumber.

Whatever may be the hereafter fate of this miserable country, miserable from the ignorance of its people, and the selfishness of its rulers, the conviction is forced upon us, that they are as yet unfit to be intrusted with the government of their own affairs. The sufferings of the masses are too terrible for human contemplation; the craft and intolerance of the clergy, who swarm its fine cities, and drain its wealth, create a foundation for debasement enough to drag down any nation; while the undeniably great men of the country lack that singleness of purpose and enlightened view of legislation which alone can insure unity of measures and stability of operations. We see nothing for unhappy Mexico but national annihilation, unless indeed the genius of Santa Anna should be able to work out its redemption.

From the time of CORTEZ to the present, the refined Aztecs have been treated as serfs of the

soil, and their cry for emancipation has been unheeded, till now the stillness of apathy has hushed an appeal which awakened no response save in the breast of LAS CASAS, whose single efforts were only able to mitigate for a season the extremity of their sufferings. Immigration poured in upon them, races commingled, the foreign viceroy and the native born Creole each placed his foot upon the neck of the poor Indian till his spirit was crushed to his condition. Surely, surely, nations as well as individuals must abide their day of retribution!

Blest with a climate the most varied and delightful in the world; with a soil yielding its wealth almost spontaneously, the great curse of the land has been the glittering metal which has made her mountain streams to shame the Pactolus of the ancients, and her shrubs and unrivalled blossoms to tangle their roots amid sands of gold and globules of silver. To secure this, her simple and refined aborigines have been degraded and trampled upon, and her viceroys become false to their trust as standing in God's stead over a people—the lust of this has piled the worth of Empires upon the altars of prayer, and filled monasteries with a bloated priesthood, who paralyse the best energies of ruler and ruled. We see no remedy for these evils, except in a total change of government, amounting to a denationality; a change hazardous to those who produce it, and saddening to all who sympathise with the destinies of nations. It is not America alone which is guilty of this encroaching policy, it is the voice of the age—perhaps of all ages—it is the fate of smaller States to be swallowed by their colossal neighbours, till these, distended by unwieldiness, stagger and fall to pieces once more, and the "little ones," the incipients of empire, reappear, to be again in the process of time re-absorbed into one great unity. Our author says:

Of the fifty viceroys who governed Mexico, but one was an American. In pursuance of her policy of rendering her colonies dependent upon herself alone, Spain absolutely prohibited all intercourse between them and other countries. By an ordinance of 1692, Charles II. made it a capital offence for a foreigner to enter the Spanish possessions without a royal permit; even Spaniards were excluded, under severe penalties of fines and confiscation, from intruding, unless by special license. By the same ordinance, vessels putting into their ports in distress, were seized as lawful prizes; condemned (in defiance of the usages of civilised nations) to be confiscated, and the crews imprisoned. The inhabitants of the different provinces were interdicted from holding intercourse with each other, and the commodities of one were never exposed for sale in the adjacent colonies. Commerce and trade were restricted in every movement by the oppressive duties and taxes levied by the government. Nothing was bought, sold, or exchanged, without being subject to a duty, called the Alcala, which varied from fourteen to six per cent.; it was a tax upon the vendor, a forfeit paid for disposing of an article to be used for the benefit of another. Its operation was most injurious, as it was a direct imposition upon the productions of the country, not governed by the wealth of the consumer. The Alcala was of Moorish origin, and had been introduced into Spain as early as the middle of the fourteenth century by Alphonso XI. Every avenue to justice was closed to the poorer classes; none but the wealthy were able to conduct a suit at law to a successful issue, through the interminable and complicated forms of the courts; equity, under these circumstances, was out of the question, as the laws were framed to benefit the few Spanish adventurers, rather than the mass of the nation. Political offences were punished with a severity unknown in other countries; the unfortunate object of mere suspicion being treated with the same rigour as those guilty of the most revolting crimes. The torture was frequently resorted to, in order to extort from the unhappy prisoner a confession of real or supposed crimes against the state. Imprisonment for life was a comparatively slight punishment; and when once incarcerated in the gloomy dungeons of San Juan de Ullon, or the Inquisition, the miserable captive pined in solitude, until death released him, forgotten by his contemporaries, or remembered as one long since departed. If the offender sought redress from the Council of the Indies, years elapsed before a definite answer was returned to his petition, or an effort made to repair the injury inflicted by the unjust decrees of the colonial courts. The whole system of government was one act of unparalleled outrage

* From the American Literary World.

against the rights of humanity. The tyranny of the viceroy and royal audiences was closely imitated by the inferior officers, as is usually the case, the higher functionaries lording it over those beneath them. The Indian Alcalde was as despotic as the representative of the king, and inspired as much dread among the naked slaves over whom he ruled with an iron hand. Living among themselves, apart from the white population, whom they looked upon as their natural foes; the descendants of the once powerful Aztec continued to cherish the vindictive feelings inherited from his ancestors, and sighed for the ancient glory of his race, as he walked in melancholy silence among the gigantic ruins of pyramid and temples, consecrated to the religion of his fathers. The Mexican hierarchy during the Spanish domination was probably the most opulent and splendid in the world; the enthusiastic *missioneros* who had followed the conquerors from motives of disinterested piety, were soon succeeded by a swarm of monks, friars, inquisitors, and their familiars, who crossed the sea in pursuit of the objects of their own ambition, rather than to do the holy cause they had enlisted in, the service expected of them.

The Mexican hierarchy consisted of the Archbishop of Mexico, the Bishops of Puebla, Oaxaca, Valladolid, Yucatan, Guadalajara, Durango, Monterey, and Sonora, whose united revenues amounted to one hundred and forty-five thousand pounds sterling. The archbishop received of the above twenty-seven thousand pounds. The whole number of priests, monks, and friars, was about ten thousand. In the capital there were thirty-eight convents, containing three thousand three hundred individuals. Religious houses were founded in every part of the country within a short time after the conquest, and at a later period missions were established upon the remotest frontiers of the Viceroyalty, for the purpose of bringing the savage tribes beneath the Spanish sway. The clergy were generally natives of the parent state, and devoted to the interests of the king, the church, and the Inquisition; seldom learned or gifted with superior talents, they passed their lives in criminal indulgence, or in the enjoyment of that luxurious repose, so inviting to the indolent in the sunny climes of the far south. The ecclesiastics had not refused to become the proprietors of immense estates under the ancient system, and although individually under a vow of poverty, they managed collectively to absorb some of the most valuable property in the dependencies; upon which they too often lived, forgetful of their duties and their God.

Thus while the denunciations of LUTHER were shaking Europe to its foundations, here in the new world, the policy of the Papal See was riveting fetters which neither the progress of time nor the earthquake of political revolution has been able to disavow. Yet even here, in the midst of all this combined power to oppress, sprang forth the first groans of political freedom.

There was one portion of the clergy, however, who were neither the tyrants of the people, nor accumulated wealth in the name of religion, to be lavished in frivolous amusements or the gratification of sensual appetites. This class was the Curas, or village priests, who, contented with their moderate income derived from their parishes, which seldom exceeded one or two hundred dollars per annum, lived in obscurity amongst the humble *peons* committed to their charge. As the office was the lowest in the church, and offered no inducement to those who aspired to rank or opulence, the Curas were usually natives of the country; either Creoles or persons of mixed blood, whose natural dispositions, or the piety of their parents, had dedicated them to the holy calling. Destitute of learning themselves, they were incapable of improving the minds of their flocks, but contented with their position, led an easy, tranquil life, performing their daily round of sacred duties. From their situation, this portion of the priesthood were brought into direct communication with the most oppressed and degraded part of the population, the descendants of the ancient inhabitants, or those of mixed blood, who laboured upon the estates, or in the mines of the nobility. The interest of the curates became identified with those of their charge, and they were looked up to with feelings of veneration and esteem. If they were maltreated by the Justicia or the Alcalde, the serfs fled to the Cura for protection, and submitted their difficulties to his consideration, sure of finding a friend in the holy father. The power exercised by these humble churchmen over the passions and minds of the lower classes was tremendous, and exceeded that of the Viceroy, or the other orders of the clergy; and to their influence, rather than to the power of the govern-

ment, may be ascribed the docility of the Mexicans under the tyrannical Spanish rule. Among the village Curas were occasionally to be encountered men of superior talents and indomitable energy, which required but an exciting cause for their development. From the ranks of the inferior priesthood sprang the champions of Mexican liberty, men who had passed the greater part of their lives in ministering to the spiritual wants of a few naked Indians in some wretched pueblo. Suddenly stepping forth from their obscurity, and grasping the sword, they led armies to the field; and had their intelligence been equal to their talents, victory would doubtless have crowned their efforts in the cause of human emancipation. The names of Hidalgo, Morelos, and Matamoros, are indissolubly identified with the early struggles of the patriots, and their exploits are yet remembered in the cordilleras of Mexico.

In the meanwhile, nations moved onward in their great struggles to hold fast to the elements of freedom, or to tear the gyves from their limbs; Mexico shared the reflex of foreign dissensions, while she gained nothing by her throes. Her wealth found other channels, and her only changes were from one cruel oppressor to the despotism of a successor. The Colonies of North America had thrown off the yoke of British bondage; France had rushed from one scene of carnage to another, till she willingly stayed her ensanguined career in the strong grasp of a NAPOLEON. Mexico, blinded as she had been kept, scarcely heard of these things, but the chain had sunk so deeply into the flesh, that she, even she, was roused to resistance, and HIDALGO, a poor curate of Dolores, raised the cry of rebellion. Casting aside his priestly robes, he appeared as a Spanish champion, ready to resist the oppressions of the viceroy. The poor, disheartened Aztecs, and the oppressed of every class, flocked to his standard as to a deliverance. Victory follows in his path and his army augments daily, while the viceroy is hardly able to raise three thousand troops to oppose the myriads of HIDALGO. At length the two armies met, and the following description will shew how little was to be expected from masses of defenceless men, who had little besides numerical power to oppose organized discipline. The battle was fought at Alculco, the army of the viceroy being commanded by CALLEJA, while HIDALGO himself, aided by his compatriot, ALLENDE, led on the rebel host.

The Indians began the fight by charging *en masse* upon the columns of the enemy; they precipitated themselves upon the bayonets and cannon of the Spaniards, and at first drove them backwards; but the latter, though few in number, were formidable from their discipline, and soon regained their lost ground. The battle raged with singular fury. The Mexicans, ignorant of, or despising the effects of the artillery, approached fearlessly to the very muzzles of the guns, and placing their *sombreros* before them, endeavoured to prevent their explosion. Unprovided with fire-arms and destitute of that confidence in the support of their fellow-soldiers, which is the result of a high state of discipline, the insurgents soon discovered that they were unequal to the small but compact body which opposed them. In vain their rude and disorderly masses threw themselves upon the Spanish columns, and with their clubs endeavoured to drive them back. At each successive discharge of the fatal cannon, hundreds fell bleeding to the earth, who cumbered the ground and impeded the motions of the belligerents. At length the firmness of the royalists began to make an impression upon the minds of their foes, who, despairing of victory, wavered for an instant, and then throwing down their arms, fled in terror from the field. The work of death now commenced in earnest; the flying Mexicans were pursued and cut down by thousands. No mercy was given or asked! The slaughter continued while a rebel remained on the scene of the bloody encounter, nor was the vindictive fury of the Spaniards appeased, until they had immolated ten thousand of their brave but reckless adversaries. Hidalgo retreated in confusion to Guanajuato, but being pursued by Calleja, he continued his flight to Guadalajara, leaving his lieutenant Don Ignacio Allende, with a division of his army, to defend the pass of Marfil which commanded the entrance to the former city.

Allende was attacked by the Spanish leader soon afterwards; and, notwithstanding his gallant resistance, he was driven from his position, and compelled to retire, with loss, upon the main body. Calleja

entered Guanajuato in triumph, and determined to signalise his victories by an act which would for ever render his name terrible throughout the land. Pretending to suspect the inhabitants of the unfortunate city of having espoused the cause of the rebels, he ordered his troops to drive the people into the great square; where, in obedience to his commands, fourteen thousand persons—men, women, and children—were butchered in cold blood. Their throats were cut; and their mutilated remains were piled in great heaps in the plaza. The inhuman Calleja boasted in his despatches to the government, that he had "effectually purged the city of its rebellious population;" offering as an apology for the mode of sacrifice, the "scarcity of powder and ball!" From Guanajuato, the Spanish leader followed the enemy in his retreat towards Guadalajara, putting every one whom he suspected to death. Hidalgo and Allende, accompanied by their principal officers, took the road towards the eastern internal provinces, with the intention of crossing the Rio Grande, and there reorganising the scattered army. They were closely pursued by Calleja, and a body of troops stationed at Altamira; the commandant of the western internal provinces also sending a party against them under Colonel Ochoa. Thus beset upon all sides, the rebel chiefs might nevertheless have escaped, had not one of their number betrayed them. The fugitives had reached Acatita de Bajan, near Saltillo, when Captain Bustamante, an officer of Hidalgo's staff, delivered them into the hands of the enemy. On the 21st of March they were surrounded; and, after an obstinate resistance, during which fifty of their companions were slain, the party were captured and taken to Chihuahua, and confined in the Jesuits' college of that city. They remained in prison for some months; were finally tried for treason and heresy, and condemned to suffer death. Don Ignacio Allende, the second officer in the rebel forces, was executed on the 20th of June, in the court-yard of the college. Hidalgo, after having been degraded from the priesthood, was put to death on the 27th of July, 1811; supplicating heaven, in his last moments, to aid his countrymen in their struggle for independence. Such was the catastrophe of the brief but eventful career of the curate of Dolores,—a man who possessed both virtue and ability, but lacking the essentials that make up the character of a successful commander. He wanted firmness, judgment, and presence of mind; without which no one ever controlled the tumultuous elements of a revolution.

Thus perished the first of the Mexican patriots—he was followed by RAYON, MORELOS, and others of less celebrity; for of patriotism as well as religion it may be said the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. In 1812 we find the first mingling of Anglo-Saxon or American adventure with the affairs of Mexico. Our people, unable to find repose after the struggles of three wars, were sending off restless and adventurous spirits whenever the prospect of gain or the love of adventure offered an inducement; and accordingly, as early as the above mentioned date, we find Lieut. MAGEE, and other followers, erecting a standard for freedom on Trinity river, Texas, where he was soon joined by malcontents of the Mexican government. MAGEE died soon after, and little of consequence resulted from the enterprise.

The cause of the patriots continued to smoulder with various degrees of urgency up to 1817. VICTORIA had been compelled to seek an asylum amongst the extinct volcanoes of the country, still guarding the embers of freedom—MORELOS had been cruelly put to death, and now one of the most illustrious of the Mexican patriots appears upon the stage.

Xavier Mina was born in the year 1789, near Monreal, in the province of Navarre. He was the eldest son of a noble and wealthy family, and a nephew of the famous Epoz y Mina. He was sent at an early age to Saragossa, in Arragon, to complete his studies. While a student there, the French army entered Spain, and Joseph Bonaparte was placed upon the throne. Forsaking his studies, Mina joined the Spanish army of the north as a volunteer, and was engaged in several actions.

After the battle of Belchite, and the defeat of the Spaniards, Mina, with a few followers, retired into Navarre, and adopting the mode of warfare practised by his relative, Epoz, he soon became a formidable guerilla chief. At one time he captured seven hundred of the enemy, together with a large amount of money and military stores, destined for the French army.

The force under his command was at no period very great; yet from his knowledge of the province to which he confined his operations, he was enabled to elude the vigilance of his pursuers, and to worst them upon all occasions. Brave, generous, and humane, Mina was distinguished as much by the gentleness which characterised his conduct as by the chivalrous nature of his exploits. He was entirely free from that ferocity and blood-thirsty spirit of revenge, which was so rife among the Spanish guerrillas. The Junta of Seville, as some reward for his great services, gave him a colonel's commission, and soon after appointed him commander-general of Navarre. The Supreme Junta of Arragon subsequently created Mina commandant-general of Upper Arragon.

In the winter of 1810-11, Mina was ordered to destroy an extensive foundry, situated in the vicinity of Pampeluna. While passing through a defile of the mountains, he suddenly found himself between two strong parties of the French, who had entered either extremity of the pass, and thus cut off his advance or retreat. Determined to force his way through every obstacle, Mina fought desperately, until overcome by superior numbers, his party was obliged to yield to the fortune of war, and surrender. Mina himself fell, wounded and a prisoner, into the hands of the French. He was taken to Paris, and afterwards confined in the castle of Vincennes, by order of Napoleon. He remained in durance until the allied armies entered France, when he was liberated, upon the abdication of the emperor. He retired to England, where he formed the resolution of aiding the patriots of Mexico in freeing themselves from the tyranny of Spain. Procuring a vessel, which he loaded with arms and munitions of war, Mina sailed from England in May 1816, accompanied by several Spanish and Italian officers. Arriving safely at Baltimore, he made a considerable addition to his military stores. He purchased a brig which was capable of being converted into a vessel of war, and procured cannon, clothing, and necessaries for his troops. On the 21st of September, 1816, the expedition sailed from Baltimore. It consisted of two fast-sailing vessels, on board of which were two hundred infantry, and a company of artillery, most of whom were Americans. Touching at St. Domingo, the adventurers were received hospitably by President Petion, who assisted them in repairing their ships, which had been injured in a storm. This delayed their voyage, and they did not reach Galveston Island, the place of their destination, until 24th of November.

As Mina was preparing to march towards the south, Colonel Perry announced his determination to leave the camp and return to the States, considering their force too weak to achieve any great object. During the absence of Mina from the camp, Perry addressed his men upon the dangerous character of the enterprise they had embarked in, and persuaded fifty of their number to desert with him. Leaving Soto la Marina, they marched along the sea-shore in the direction of Matagorda Bay, where they intended to procure boats to convey them to the frontiers of Louisiana. They began their disastrous retreat in the latter part of May, when the heat of the sun is very great, and water extremely scarce. The sufferings of the party were aggravated by the enemy, whose troops hung upon their rear, and attacked them upon every favourable opportunity during the march. The adventurers had already begun to congratulate themselves in having arrived in the vicinity of their destination, when, in an evil moment, their leader resolved to attempt the capture of a fortress garrisoned by a small body of the enemy. Perry accordingly summoned the place to surrender. While the astonished commandant was deliberating upon this unlooked for demand, a party of two hundred royalist cavalry appeared upon the plain. Their approach changed the aspect of the day, and reversed the relative position of the belligerents. The Americans, forming into line of battle, received the charge of the lancers with a volley, which checked their career, and which would have doubtless terminated the contest, had not the garrison of the fort sallied out and attacked them in the rear. Surrounded upon all sides by an overwhelming force, there was no alternative but to fight to the last extremity; and gallantly did these desperate men sustain their reputation; they poured a deadly shower of balls into the ranks of the enemy every moment, beating off the cavalry, and forcing the infantry to retire before their murderous discharge. Great numbers of both parties had fallen; yet hopeful of victory, they fought on. Again and again did the lancers charge upon the now diminished line, and aided by the garrison in the rear, endeavoured to break through the slender, but compact wall of heroes. Blackened with smoke and powder, their garments rent by the enemy's shot, and bleeding from a thousand wounds, the adven-

turers continued the struggle like men who had devoted themselves to death. The sun had disappeared in the west, and the shadows of night were gathering thick upon the plain—a few miserable beings alone remained, whose exhausted efforts no longer served to check the charge of the foe. As the darkness deepened, a single individual still waved his sword in defiance; it was the leader of the Americans, who, disdaining to yield, fell, Roman-like, by his own hand!

(To be continued.)

DECORATIVE ART.

DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

THE last week has, it will be seen, produced a considerable accession to the list of subscribers, which can now boast of more than one hundred names. Amid our other avocations, it is impossible to proceed faster with the work of organisation, but we have not been idle. The prospectus has been sent to all the newspapers in the United Kingdom, with a request that the editors will aid an undertaking so truly national, by making it known, and the influence of their recommendations. From many have been received the most friendly assurances that they will do all that in them lies to forward the work, and we purpose to publish, from time to time, such notices as they may bestow upon it. A considerable addition has also been made to the list of agents, and prospectuses are being printed with their names attached, and which will be forwarded to them in a day or two. The great utility of the plan of provisional members of the Council is shewn in a striking manner by the results of the single appointment already made. A very considerable part of the list subscribed is due to the single exertions of Mr. EALES WHITE, in West Somerset. If we could find one such energetic representative of the Society in each great town, and each division of a county, and each could obtain as many subscribers as Mr. WHITE has done, the work would be accomplished, and the Society firmly established. We need assistance in Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Bath, Bristol, York, &c. &c. Can any reader help us to it?

As soon as there is a small addition to the list of subscribers, we purpose to print prospectuses with their names attached, for so many persons are induced by what others do, and will not move until somebody leads the way, that we look with great hope upon the results of the confidence that would thereby be given, and the prospectuses so, as it were, authenticated, will then be widely distributed through the post, as well as through the agents.

We present the list of new subscribers received since our last publication, and also the list of agents complete, as they stand at the present time, that readers, seeing where they are wanting, may help us to supply the deficiency.

- No. 79. Smythe, Capt. D. Maidstone.
80. Buller, John, Bally Carron, Tipperary.
81. Cox, Chas. J. 10, South Bank, Regent's-park.
82. Imrie, Miss, 16, Saville-row.
83. Imrie, Miss C. ditto.
84, 85. Turnbull, Mrs.
86. Cleaver, Wm. 17, Clayton-square, Liverpool-road, Islington.
87, 88. Close, Anthony, 5, Vaughan Parade, Torquay.
89. Johnson, John, Great George-street, Bath.
90. Goodwyn, C. Howley-road, Kentish-town.
91. Brue, J. Stockwell.
92. Chubb, John, 5, Edith-villas, North-end, Fulham.
93. Hardy, Chas. Odsall-house, Bradford, Yorkshire.

94. Chilcott, J. V. Leominster.
95. Robinson, G. T. ditto.
96. Ochterlony, Lady, Monckton-villa, near Taunton.
97. Manson, S. M. 3, Berners-street.
98. Harrison, Wm. Portsmouth.
99. Harrison, Joseph, ditto.
100. Smith, Edward, Britannia Printing-office, Droitwich.
101. White, Henry H. 9, Richmond-grove, Islington.
102, 103. Mapleson, John, 19, Golden-square.
104. Cotton, R. W. Barnstaple.
105. Fry, Edmund, 17, Union-street, Plymouth.
106. Beadon, Capt. Geo. R.N. Taunton.
107. Leat, Wm. 3, William-street, Regent's-park.
108. Swallow, William, 10, Robert-street, Bedford-row.
109. Davis, Samuel, 4, Thanet-place.

The following is the List of

AGENTS.

CHESHIRE.

Droitwich—Mr. Edward Smith, Britannia Printing Office.

DEVONSHIRE.

Plymouth—Mr. Edmund Fry, bookseller, 17, Union-street.

Torquay—Mr. Edward Croydon, Fancy Repository.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Gloucester—Mr. W. T. Mansell.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Leominster—Mr. J. V. Chilcott.

LANCASHIRE.

Burnley—Mr. Thomas Sutcliffe.

NORFOLK.

Lynn—Messrs. Thew and Sons, Advertiser Office.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Belper—Mr. Edward Lowe.

Newcastle-on-Tyne—Mr. Walter S. Pringle, Book-seller, 3, Collingwood-street.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Bridgwater—Mr. S. West, bookseller.

Chard—Mr. James Nowlan, stationer.

Creukerne and Martock—Mr. Makeig, bookseller.

Milverton—Mr. Babbage.

Minchhead—Mr. George Williams, banker.

Taunton—Mr. F. May, bookseller.

Yeovil, Ilchester, &c.—Mr. Custard, printer.

Weston-super-Mare—Mr. Joseph Whereat, book-seller.

Wellington—Mr. Corner, bookseller.

Wiveliscombe—Mr. Davy, bookseller.

WILTSHIRE.

Chippenham—Mr. Thomas Alexander, bookseller.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Persore—Mr. Thomas E. Watts.

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

Mr. Richardson, the sculptor, is engaged on two marble monuments ordered by the officers of the 16th lancers and the 31st regiment of foot, to commemorate—in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral—those of their brethren who fell in the recent actions on the Suttley. In the process of cleansing St. Peter's Church, Chester, some beautiful remains of fresco-work have been discovered. They are on the surface of one of the pillars near the southern door, against which is now placed the font, and on which is an ancient niche, that was appropriated probably to a figure of the Saviour, and the holy water. The fresco-work has surrounded the niche. The grooves in the pillar are painted vermilion, and the subjects are faintly defined. That on the right of the font is evidently the blessed Annunciation, as the shepherds, sheep, and the angel are in tolerable preservation. On the left is a city, and above an angel, the subject only conjectural. The Rev. Mr. Ford, who has paid great attention to the repairs and cleansing of the church, purposes restoring them as near as may be practicable. At the meeting of the British Archaeological Association on Friday evening, it was announced that Mr. F. Baigent, one of the members, had brought to light from beneath the whitewash on the eastern wall of Silksteade's Chapel, in Winchester Cathedral, a well-executed group of figures representing the Saviour calling to him St. Peter on the sea. The face of the Saviour has been at some former

period intentionally chipped out, but the other portions of the painting are pretty perfect, and exhibit in parts considerable artistic skill, particularly in the drapery. The group is surmounted by an elegant canopy, from which Mr. Baigent has not yet removed the whitewash.—The *alto relievo* of the Death of Nelson, intended for the front panel of the Nelson Monument, is now on view at the studio of the artist, Mr. Carew. The scene is taken from Southey's history, and represents the exact moment when Captain Hardy, turning round, suddenly perceives his commander being carried to the cock-pit. Captain Hardy is thus the principal figure, and his strong form presents a marked contrast to the dying figure of Nelson, who is carried by two or three marines. Nelson and Hardy are the only two portraits in the work, but the artist has given prominence and individuality to other figures. A half-naked sailor at a gun, who for a moment forgets his occupation, absorbed by the melancholy spectacle suddenly presented to him, while the men close to him are exclusively busied with the rigging, is well conceived and effectively placed. Another striking figure is that of a black man with a gun, which he is about to fire at the French vessel. In composing the work, the artist has succeeded in obtaining variety, and has at the same time felicitously avoided that confusion which is too often found in the representation of battle-subjects. After the present week preparations for casting the work in bronze will commence.—Mr. Leslie has been elected by the Royal Academy Professor of Painting, in the room of the late Mr. Howard. The duties consist chiefly in delivering six lectures in the course of the season. Mr. Howard read such a course, annually, till the last year of his life, when Mr. Unwins performed his task for him. Mr. Unwins now holds the office of Keeper of her Majesty's pictures, and of Keeper of the National Gallery, &c. Mr. J. P. Knight was at the same time elected Secretary, also in the room of Mr. Howard. Mr. Eastlake retains his appointment as Secretary to the Commission on the Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—PROFESSOR GREEN on Monday last delivered his fourth lecture on anatomy, directing his attention to the muscles of the lower limbs. The sartorius or tailor's muscle arises from the anterior superior spinous process of the os ileum, extending obliquely across the thigh, and inserted into the inner side of the tibia; in action it bends the leg upon the thigh, rolling it outwards, hence called the tailor's muscle. The rectus femoris arises by two tendons from the inferior anterior spinous process of the os ileum, running down over the anterior part of the thigh, and inserted in the upper point of the patella or knee-cap, terminating in the strong ligament which connects that bone to the tibia or principal bone of the leg, its chief uses being to extend the leg and thigh, and to straighten the leg. The vastus internus, the vastus externus, and the cruræus, three muscles inserted a little above the patella, and arising from the trochanters major and minor of the femur or thigh-bone; in action co-operating in bringing the thigh forward upon the leg, the vastus externus forming the fleshy mass on the outside of the thigh, the vastus internus the smaller mass on the inside, both being finely marked in the Hercules Farnese. In illustration of the power of the muscles of the thigh, the Professor related the recorded fact that LEONARDO DA VINCI could, by compression, stop a horse at his fiercest speed, by depriving it of breath. The gastrocnemius, originating in the upper and internal condyle of the femur, and from the external condyle, descending in two fleshy bellies, forming the calf of the leg, terminating in a large tendon, which unites with the tendon of the soleus muscle, or lower calf, both being inserted into the os calcis, or heel-bone, together forming the tendon Achillis, used in lifting the leg as in walking, running, and the like.

In the erect position all these muscles would be exerted; hence it is that standing is found to be more fatiguing than walking; for in walking the weight is alternately supported, which action the

standing figure imitates unconsciously by an occasional shifting of the position, in the manner termed standing at ease. It is said of MILO, the Greek actor, that he could place himself in the erect posture on the edge of a quoit, and defy the strongest man in Greece to displace him. Man possesses the most modifiable organs of motion of all animals, and, by judicious training, might be brought to rival their several characteristics,—to wrestle with the bear, to run with the deer, climb with the monkey, or leap with the panther, so much he is by the power of will master of his own body. With the ancient Greeks, physical education was of the utmost importance: surrounded by hostile enemies, courage, strength, energy, self-reliance, were the stern virtues cultivated by their ambitious youth; and in the Olympic games the competitors for honours in gymnastic exercises were but fitting themselves in bodily strength and activity for grappling with their country's foes. Thus in racing, wrestling, riding, throwing the javelin, hurling the quoit, chariot-driving, boxing, mimic fighting, and other athletic sports, the victor was honoured and enriched—nay, almost deified and adored—and his very birth-place sanctified. Such employments could not fail in developing the muscular system in all its vigour and beauty, and, as a consequence, in yielding in lavish profusion models from which Phideas and Praxiteles drew their inspiration, giving to the world examples of finite form of such exquisite beauty of grace of motion and moral sublimity as transfixes the beholder with awe and wonder.

Burkill's Picturesque Views of Bolton Abbey.

London. Ackermann.

SEVEN lithographs, which are remarkable as works of art, independently of the interest belonging to their subject. Mr. BURKILL possesses many of the qualifications for a great landscape painter. Not only can he transfer scenery to paper by the magic of his pencil, but he has the more rare, yet scarcely less necessary, faculty by which he discerns the most picturesque points of view. On walking round the galleries at the exhibitions, it will surprise the critical observer to note how seldom even our best landscape painters choose the best aspect for displaying the natural beauties of a scene. They appear to be influenced by some technical maxims, by facilities for the exhibition of effects, by some striking contrasts of form and colour in parts, rather than by the picturesqueness of the whole; and the eye practised in natural scenery without being influenced by any systems or schools of art, discovers in a moment how the picture before it, charming as it is, might have been made vastly more pleasing, because more like nature, by seizing it from another position that would have changed the grouping.

Now, it is a peculiar merit of Mr. BURKILL that he has a keen eye for the picturesque, trained by observation of nature, and undeformed by rules and theories. The *Views of Bolton Abbey* are specimens of an accomplished student in the school that takes its lessons from those mute teachers, the tree, the grove, the meadow, the hill, rather than from the schools of art. The first of the series, a view of *The East End of Bolton Abbey*, is as perfect a picture as ever was drawn. Every one of its elements is shewn—is brought out, but none with a prominence that obscures the others. The time-worn walls rise up against the clear sky; and though there is no colour, the flight of the rooks, the cows driven down the wood, the gate ajar, the trees with their still boughs, the sharpness of the outlines of the ruins, shew that it is evening. The *North View* is as evidently taken at midday: there is no distinct outline, the massive walls are hazy and dream-like, the cows are standing luxuriously knee-deep in the pond, the boys loiter lazily upon the fallen trunk of the tree and envy the cows. The *North-west View* of the abbey is an almost daguerreotype picture,—so very perfect, that the rents time has made in the walls are distinctly shewn, and all the beautiful tracery of the window can be measured with accuracy. PROUD might be proud of this picture. The next, a view of *Barden Tower, near Bolton*, is an extensive landscape: its principal feature is the stream which occupies the foreground, and is

taken at the point where a rapid gives it life and interest; and two anglers upon the bank, one of whom has just taken a fine trout, indicate the other attractions besides scenery of that beautiful spot. This is followed by a park scene, *The Abbey from the Holme Terrace*, the least interesting as a work of art, because the least adapted for lithography. But it is amply compensated by the *South-east View*, which next meets the eye. Here Mr. BURKILL has shewn his singular capacity for catching foliage. The variety is astonishing, and the lithographer, Mr. WALTON, has happily executed the design of the artist. It is a delicious picture, and would make a painting that, once seen, would dwell in the memory for ever. The last is a view of *The Abbey from the Hurtington Seat*, where it is beheld peeping through the trees, making not one but many pictures. Not merely will this publication be most welcome to all who have ever visited Bolton Abbey, whose charms it will continually recal; but to those who want subjects, whether for pencil or painting, these seven lithographs may be recommended as combining all that could make the study of them both attractive and instructive.

The Christian in Palestine. Parts XIII. to XX.

London: Virtue.

THIS beautiful and interesting work is now completed, and it is by far the best picture of Palestine we possess. Already in its progress we have had repeated occasion to comment upon the combination of talent in painter, engraver, and author here presented. The concluding parts are in no way less worthy of approbation than their predecessors. They contain thirty-two views, of which the most striking perhaps are: "The Fields of Bethany," "The Tomb of the Virgin at Jerusalem," "The Harbour at Rhodes," "Ethum, near Bethlehem," "The Colonnade at Sebaste, in Samaria," "Sidon and Mount Lebanon from the Sea," and "Sarepta from the Coast of Sidon." Whether as a distinct volume, or to bind up with quarto editions of the Bible, or other works on Sacred History, the *Christian in Palestine* should be introduced into every household. It will be an invaluable aid to Scriptural Education, and children should be taught with these pictures before their eyes. It would give reality to their knowledge, and fix it for ever on the mind.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE disagreement between Miss Birch and her Parisian friends has ended in a lawsuit. The Tribunal of Commerce of the Seine was occupied on the 26th ult. with a case in which MM. Duponchel and Nestor Roqueplan, the managers of the French Opera, demanded 30,000*fr.* damages against Miss Birch for breach of engagement. The plaintiff's counsel stated that when the fair defendant was called on to appear at the theatre, it was found that she had availed herself of the Northern Railway and the Boulogne steamer, and had passed over to England. The Court sentenced her by default to pay the 30,000*fr.* demanded. It is scarcely necessary to say that this decision is by no means final, and that Miss Birch has the power to justify her conduct if she pleases to do so.—The Sacred Harmonic Society have announced their intention of repeating Mendelssohn's oratorio *Elijah* on Monday next. The subscription for erecting a public monument to Dr. Mendelssohn is progressing very favourably. Her Majesty has given 50*l.* The German journals give very interesting particulars relative to the death of Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn was brought up with a sister, who married an artist of the name of Haensel. He himself married, about ten years ago, the daughter of a senator of Frankfurt. These two families were inseparable. Mendelssohn and his sister Fanny Haensel formed but one soul. This remarkable woman was herself a good composer, and directed the first steps of her brother in his musical career. About nine months ago Fanny Haensel composed a symphony, the performance of which she conducted herself. At the commencement of the fifth part

Madame Haensel dropped dead of an apoplectic fit. Since that time M. Mendelssohn wandered about like a shadow among the living. In a letter addressed to his wife he says: "Our common soul has taken her flight to Heaven. I greatly fear I shall shortly go to meet her, for Fanny always promised she would come and take me from this world, should she die before me." Two months after, Mendelssohn died of an apoplectic fit.—Lindpaintner, the author of *Joko, le singe de Brazil*, has lately turned his attention to composing for the flute. Several excellent works have already proceeded from his pen. Among them are fifty progressive studies in four books, each dedicated to a British professor.—Mr. Horn, the best of our ballad composers, has accepted a musical appointment as Director of a Choral Society in Boston, New England.—Madame Albani will return to Paris on the 28th inst. She is engaged at the Italian theatre, where she will make her *début* in the opera of *Semiramide*.—Mr. Jones Whitworth, Jullien's new barytone, who met with great success in Venice, has been highly extolled by the *Fama* for his personation of Pagano, in the *Lombardi*, and Ashton in the *Lucia*; in the latter part, M. Jullien will give the English public an opportunity of judging for itself, as the *Lucia* is to be the opera for Monday next.—The annual examination of candidates for the two King's Scholarships will take place at the Royal Academy, on Friday, the 17th inst.

The Lost Fairy. Poetry by LUCY ADAMS; music by CHARLES E. HORN. London: Parlay.

The Warrior's Serenade, written by C. J. PRETHMULLER, Esq.; music by ALPHONSO MATTHEY. London: Wessel and Co.

Will Thou be True? Poetry by ELIZA COOK; music by W. T. PHILLIPS. London: Parlay.

ALL of these are above the average of drawing-room music. Mr. HORN, as our readers know, is a genius,—one of the few original composers of our age, and therefore in him we always look for a melody. Nor are we disappointed in this his latest work. *The Lost Fairy* is worthy of his ancient fame, and we can commend it to every portfolio, not only as the last new song, but as the best.

The Warrior's Serenade is pretty,—not striking. It wants originality; it is a harmony and not an air. But a song to be worth any thing should be set to a distinct air, and that should be an original air, and not one of those which Mr. Serjeant TALFOURD described the other day as "floating about the world of music." Mr. MATTHEY, however, has feeling, and he will doubtless improve with practice.

Will thou be True? is one of Miss COOK's pretty ballads set to music by HENRY PHILLIPS. The words are good, and that is a great matter amid such trash as it is usually the lot of composers to seek to inspire themselves withal. Mr. PHILLIPS has caught the spirit of the poetess, and given utterance to her thoughts in appropriate tones, that will please wherever they are heard, because they have a meaning. This may be safely bought.

The Naiads' Dance. Duet. Words by EDWARD GILL; music by ALEXANDER LEE. London: Duff and Hodgson.

I will return to Thee; a Ballad. Words and music by EDWARD L. HIME. London: Duff and Hodgson.

The Naiads' Dance was introduced to public favour by the Misses WILLIAMS. It is a pretty and pleasing duet, not too difficult for private vocalists. The air is sprightly, and if due expression be given to it by the singers, it is sure to produce a request for an *encore*.

I will return to Thee is a ballad in a plaintive strain, full of feeling, and, like all such compositions, almost entirely dependent for its effect upon the expression given to it by the vocalist. There is nothing very original in the air; it is not one of those which, once heard, is never forgotten,—but it is quite equal to the average of "new songs."

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.—Mrs. Glynn, a pupil of Mr. Charles Kemble, made a successful *début* at the Manchester Theatre Royal last week, as the *Lady Constance* in Shakspeare's tragedy of *King John*.—Mlle. Cerito has lately received from the King of the French a magnificent bracelet, accompanied by a very flattering letter, in recognition of the ability she has displayed in *La Fille de Marbre*.—The present operatic *corps* at the Surrey is about to be dissolved, and a new one to be established in its place. Miss Romer, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Borrani, Mr. Harrison, &c. are to be replaced by Miss Poole, Mr. D. W. King, Mr. McMahon, and Mr. H. Phillips. Miss Poole, we understand, will be the *prima donna*. The new company open next week with Balfe's favourite opera, *The Bondman*. Mr. Bunn, by his operatic entertainments, is reaping a glorious harvest.—The French Plays open early in December, at the usual place of performance, the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Mitchell has not been inactive during the recess; for among the engagements are named the celebrated Mlles. Nathalie, Berthe, Lagier, and Desirée, together with Messrs. Levassor, Alcide, Tousez, and Cartigny. The tragedy of *Antigone*, from the Greek, is to be performed, with the entire of Mendelssohn's music, and all the principal novelties of the Parisian theatre will follow in rapid succession. There is every cause to expect a brilliant and advantageous season.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—You remark in the second column of last week's paper, in reviewing a work entitled *Suggestions for a Philosophie Currency*, published by Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, that "It is only another form of the strange fallacy, that money can be created at will, and that paper is wealth." The very object of the work in question was to demonstrate the contrary—that wealth was but the accumulation of the products of *appreciated genius, talent, and industry*, and that money was only the medium of exchange—that the wealth of a nation consisted in its appreciation of those elegances constituting the physical elements of civilisation, and not in money, which is useful only as a medium whereby these things are obtained.

Another view I would press upon your attention is, that the enigma of "what is money?" can never be satisfactorily or philosophically solved till it is made to represent population. Money, without such reference, should not be considered to represent mere capacity, extent, or weight. In fact money must be made to bear the same relative measure to population that the gallon, the bushel, and the pound do to the respective articles they measure.

It is the confusion arising from this jumble that causes the enigma of "what is a pound sterling?" to be so perplexing. The currency bears too close a relation to productive land, and the population to be supported by that land, ever to be disregarded with safety. These truths I wish to press upon the attention of the public with all the energy I am master of, being satisfied that they must ultimately be recognised, for wrong and injustice must always occur if these two elements are not taken into consideration on the subject of the currency.

You say that the scheme propounded "has no novelty in fact, though some in form." This, I think, is not so, for since I first endeavoured to master the mystery of money—and which finally led me to adopt the dogma that it is, or should be, a standard of population,—I have waded through much that has been written upon the subject, without obtaining any true light. You will confer, therefore, a favour upon me by pointing out the author who has taken the same view I am attempting to impress upon the public. By so doing you will strengthen my endeavours to do good in my day and generation.

By the insertion of this communication in your paper, you will much oblige

Your obedient servant,
LONDON, Nov. 26th. METRODORUS.

NECROLOGY.

MENDELSSOHN.

WE extract from the *Constitutionnel* some additional reminiscences of the great composer:—

"Genius, worth, and industry are hereditary in the family of Mendelssohn. His grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn, passed the greater part of his early life in making copies of the Bible. The poor copyist, by means of his talent, his indomitable perseverance, and his incredible energy, soon became one of the most illustrious philosophers of Germany. His works, devoured with eagerness, soon procured him a large fortune, which, bequeathed to his family, insured them all the luxuries of life. But, far from being corrupted and softened in the atmosphere of laziness and opulence, Felix Mendelssohn astonished all Berlin by his precocious intellect, his docility, his obedience, and eagerness for learning. His progress was prodigious. At eight years old he became a pupil of Berger for the piano, and of Zelter for harmony and counterpoint. He read at first sight the most difficult works of Handel, Sebastian Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. At ten years old he knew them by heart, and executed them on the piano with a *verve*, a finish, a sentiment, and a power absolutely incredible. At twelve he improvised upon a given theme, and on one occasion made old Goethe shed tears. The great poet had testified for him, even to his last moments, the most constant friendship, affection the most tender and paternal. One only subject of discord sometimes arose between the great poet and young musician. Goethe knew no music, esteemed no music, appreciated no music but that of Sebastian Bach. He treated Mozart as an innovator, and Beethoven as an intriguer. Mendelssohn adored Beethoven. When he had enraged his antagonist by sounding on every key all the praises of Beethoven, to establish an amnesty he played him a fugue of Bach's, and all was done. Goethe would press him to his heart, and pardon him *ses travers*. At thirteen years, Mendelssohn had already published his two first quatuors for piano, tenor and violoncello, and had commenced an opera, in three acts, entitled *The Marriage of Camacho*, the overture of which especially is replete with remarkable beauties, and really astonishing, if we take into account the extreme youth of the composer. He seemed to have no great affection for the sonata, for there are but two among his works published and unpublished; one for the piano, another for the piano and violin. A third quatuor followed closely the first of these sonatas, and closed, as it were, the series of his first labours, which already revealed a profound knowledge, a grand elevation of thought and style, and a horror of banalities. After making the tour of Italy and France, he performed at the Conservatoire in 1830. In the month of May, 1836, at the grand festival of Dusseldorf, Cologne, and Aix-la-Chapelle, Mendelssohn revealed himself to the musical world in all the *éclat* of his power and his prodigious talent. He was not then quite twenty-six years of age, when he directed, with a formidable orchestra, his first grand sacred work, the oratorio of *St Paul*. The overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* had already found admirers and protectors in England; for it must be acknowledged, to our great confusion, that this nation, which we are facetiously pleased to suppose so much opposed to the arts and to those who cultivate them, has not less the honour of having encouraged the first efforts of Mendelssohn and Weber, and of having devoted to Beethoven the cultivation of his works that might be well entitled religious. Thus executed, the *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn transported and intoxicated the German public, so sensible to the real beauties of music. Since Handel they had heard nothing more profoundly conceived, or more largely developed. From that day forth the name of Mendelssohn was enrolled amongst the most illustrious and most celebrated. It would be quite impossible to give a catalogue of the numerous works which he composed, without cessation, in the course of a brief life so laborious and prolific. Let us recount the most celebrated. Of his three symphonies, No. 1, in C minor, was composed at the age of fifteen; the second, in A major, was written by express desire for the London Philharmonic Society, who purchased it as its exclusive property; the third, in A minor (the symphony he most prized), he laboured at for four or five years consecutively. *The First Walpurgis Night*, inspired by the poem of Goethe, presents beauties of a rare boldness and startling effect. Among his best overtures and supplemental music we may cite *The Isles of Fingal*, *The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, the *Melusine*, the overture to *Ruy Blas*, the overture and choruses to *Antigone*; the overtures, *intermedes*, and choruses of *Athalie*. Among other works we recollect two trios for piano, violin, and violoncello; six books of *Lieder ohne worte*, *morceaux* of song and accompaniment, of a new style and new form, with which he has enriched the piano; the *Lob-gefang*; an infinite quantity of rondos, capriccios, *morceaux* for

the violin, piano, organ, religious choruses, psalms, motets, Latin and German, and, finally, the two grand oratorios of *Paulus* and *Elijah*. * * * As Mendelssohn was about to leave London this year he was suddenly informed of the death of his beloved sister. He languished some weeks in Switzerland, and spite of his bitter grief, spite of his bitter sufferings, he had finished the first part of a fairy opera, entitled *Lorline*, and two quatuors; for industry had been all his life his ruling passion. Rich, independent, generous, crowned with the respect due to worth, and the homage due to genius, he had never written till he had felt the moment of inspiration. His friendship was delightful. Cheerful, spiritual, and expansive, he spread all round him gaiety and joy. Possessed of an extreme and almost feminine sensibility, with a character noble and dignified, delicate to excess, the slightest annoyance made him suffer cruelly: nevertheless, the least word of friendship reanimated him, and consoled him for his chagrins. He never wished to give lessons; but all those who had recourse to his instructions found him prodigal of his favours and his counsels. It is true that frequently, instead of entertaining his pupils with musical discourse, he would entice them from their studies, and pray them to play with him at billiards—a passion which he had in common with Mozart. His modesty was proverbial. Mr. Sterndale Bennett, an English composer of the highest distinction, went to see him one day at Dusseldorf, and entreated of him to look over and correct the score of a piece he had just written. After having read it attentively, Mendelssohn returned it to the author, and added, with an accent of conviction and truth, that he found nothing to find fault with. 'Promise me,' said Bennett, enchanted, 'that henceforth you will correct all I write.' 'Certainly,' replied Mendelssohn, 'on one condition.' 'Name it,' demanded Bennett. 'Simply,' said Mendelssohn, 'that you will correct mine.' Mendelssohn died, as is now too well known, on the 4th of this month, at Leipsic. He has left in the profoundest grief a young wife and five children, the eldest of whom is hardly ten years old."

DR. HOLME.

A correspondent states that the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, at its meeting on Tuesday night, agreed to accord a last mark of respect to its late president, Dr. E. Holme, F.L.S., who died on Sunday last, by calling upon the whole of its members to attend his funeral, which is to take place in Ardwick Cemetery on Monday next, when he will be laid in a grave by the side of the late Dr. Dalton. Dr. Holme was a native of Kendal, and the son of a substantial farmer. Having an inclination for the study of medicine, he was sent to the university of Leyden, where he graduated. After he had finished his medical studies, he began practice in Manchester, where he soon became favourably known. Amongst the doctor's friends were Dr. Thomas Percival, F.R.S. from whom he received the appellation of "the walking dictionary;" Rev. Thomas Barnes, D.D. then minister of Cross-street Chapel, Manchester; Thomas Henry, F.R.S. well known for his chemical discoveries; Dr. W. Henry, the lecturer on chemistry; Dr. S. A. Bardsley; Dr. Roget, the secretary of the Royal Society, who was at the time one of the physicians of the Manchester Infirmary; Mr. Charles White, F.R.S. the eminent surgeon; and the late Sir J. Robison, son of Professor Robison, of Edinburgh. To these may be added, Dr. Dalton, the late Mr. B. A. Heywood, of Claremont, and Colonel J. L. Philips. From the gentleman just named he acquired a taste for natural history, which led him to take an active part in the Manchester Natural History Society, of which he was president, from its commencement to the time of his death. He was elected a member of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society in 1794, and immediately became its secretary. Four years afterwards he was elected one of its vice-presidents, and on the death of Dr. Dalton he succeeded to the presidency. He was also, at the time of his death, the president of the Chetham Society. Dr. Holme wrote little, so that his literary and scientific worth will be merely a matter of tradition. His learning was not confined to tradition, but ranged over nearly every subject. At the meeting of the British Association in Manchester, in 1842, Faraday and Sir John Herschel were his guests. Dr. Holme's was the most extensive private library in Manchester, and he estimated its money-value at 5,000l. He was in his eightieth year. His property is estimated at 50,000l.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

REPORT

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

(Continued from page 333.)

SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT BY DR. GUY AND MR. SHERBORN.

October 7, 1847.

Dr. Miller's analysis having been placed in the hands of the undersigned, they are now in a condition to complete their report of the 20th of September.

That analysis appears to your reporters to have removed the only doubt which attached to the plans of the company, and to have placed beyond the possibility of cavil the feasibility of applying the refuse of towns in a liquid form to the purpose of agriculture.

The doubt to which your reporters refer as having hitherto attached to the plans of the company, was as to the quantity of sewage manure which it might have been necessary to apply to the land. But the operations of the Manchester Liquid Manure Irrigation Company, by furnishing a standard of comparison, have given a satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

It appears that the company are in the habit of applying three tons of manure diluted with water to each acre of ground, at a charge of 1l. per acre, and 6d. a mile additional from the source of supply; and the evidence obtained of the excellent effect of the application and of the large and increasing demand existing for the manure, proves that the company is fully warranted in making that charge. Now, Dr. Miller's analysis shews that thirty tons of sewage will be a fair equivalent to the three tons of liquid applied by the Manchester Company. It is therefore safe to infer that the "Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company" would be justified in charging 1l. per acre, and 6d. a mile for the distance from their station, for an application by hose of thirty tons of sewage. This would be at the rate of 8d. a ton, including the cost of application, and the wear and tear of hose. The price per ton would probably be diminished if the quantity applied were increased; and it might also admit of material reduction if supplied by methods not entailing the labour required in the application by hose.

In supplying thirty tons of sewage to the acre, your reporters would suggest that the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company will be giving more than an equivalent for the three tons of the Manchester Company, "for the sewage submitted to analysis was that of a sewer (the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer) which receives a large quantity of upland drainage, while the smaller sewers which will discharge themselves into the Company's tunnelled sewer are supplied almost exclusively from the houses, and therefore discharge a richer sewage. Moreover, the specimen of sewage from the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer, which Dr. Miller has made his standard of comparison, though corresponding closely with an average specimen examined by Mr. Brand, had less than half the strength of another average specimen examined by Dr. Miller, which was found to contain upwards of seven grains of ammonia to the gallon. It must also be borne in mind that before the company comes into operation, great extension will have been given to the house drainage, both by the growing sense of its importance and the stringent operations of the Act recently obtained by the Westminster Commissioners of Sewers. As the company will have the command of several sewers, and its servants will doubtless be strictly enjoined to admit into the tunnelled sewer only the more concentrated liquid, your reporters have every reason to believe that the suggested application of thirty tons to the acre will be more than equivalent to the quantity of liquid manure used by the Manchester Company, and that the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company may fairly charge 1l. per acre for each application, and 6d. a mile additional for every mile that the land to be manured is distant from the company's station.

Your reporters cannot conclude without congratulating the directors on the conclusive evidence afforded by the operations of the Manchester Company, of the practicability of every part of their own larger scheme, and on the light thus shed on the application of the refuse of towns generally to the purposes of agriculture.

(Signed)

WILLIAM A. GUY,
FRANCIS SHERBORN.

Extract from the Speech of the Rev. A. HUXTABLE, at Sir Robert Peel's, Drayton Manor, Sept. 23, 1847.

"First, the liquid manure flows into large tanks; below them is another, which I call the mixing tank,

for in it the manure is diluted with water to any degree which the state of the weather may require; the rule being, that in proportion to the increase of temperature, must be the increase of dilution—i. e. the hotter the weather, the weaker should be the manure applied. In order to avoid the expensive and often injurious water-cart, I have laid down over the highest part of my farm a main of green elm pipe, of two inches diameter, bored in the solid wood; at every hundred yards' distance is an upright post, bored in the same manner, with a nozzle. A forcing pump fixed at the mixing tank discharges along these pipes, buried two feet in the ground, the fluid with a pressure of forty feet. Of course it rushes up these pierced columns, and will discharge itself with great velocity through the nozzle. To this I attach, first of all, forty yards of hose, and therewith water all the grass which it can reach. To the end of this hose another forty yards of hose are attached, and a still larger portion of the surface is irrigated; and so on for as many forty yards as are required. When enough has been irrigated at the first upright, the nozzle is plugged, and the fluid is discharged at the next hundred-yards-distanced column, and so on. For this application of the hose I am entirely indebted to that most able man, Mr. Edwin Chadwick; the green elm pipe is my own contrivance. The cost of the prepared canvas hose, which was obtained from Mr. Holland, of Manchester, was 1s. a yard; the wooden pipes cost me only 1s. and being underground, they will be most enduring. By an outlay of 30l. I can thus irrigate forty acres of land; and see how inexpensive, compared with the use of the water-cart and horse, the application. A lad of fifteen works the forcing-pump, the attaching the hose and its management require a man and a boy. With these, then, equivalent to two men, I can easily water two acres a day, at the rate of forty hogsheads per acre of the best manure in the world. I say best, because all chemists will assure you that the liquid contains the principal nitrogenous and soluble salts, and therefore is far more valuable than the dung; and it is plain enough to every man, though he be no chemist, that plants can only take up the manure in a liquid form. The principal use which I make of the hose is to water the clover, and, above all, the noble, but this day much-decried, Italian rye-grass. How hard Mr. Woodward was upon its soft, sweet herbage! Yet his own excellent principle, that you must carry back to the land an equivalent for what is taken away, may be successfully alleged in defence of this most productive and nutritious of all grasses. It is certainly true that if you cut and carry away Italian rye-grass, and do not also carry back the manure made in eating it, you will not be able to grow wheat after it. But from my own observation, I know that if after each cutting, the hose immediately follows, you may cut it without wrong to the land as often as you like, and an amount of fodder will be obtained which no other plant can approach. It comes the earliest and grows the longest of all the grasses; and I feel confident that with such appliances as I have mentioned, you may secure fifty tons per annum of this milk-giving, fat-producing, muscle-making grass. I can refer to Mr. Dickinson, of Curzon-street, as an authority for growing at least this weight of green food, and, I believe, far more. That you can cut it, by the help of liquid manure, six times a year, admits of no doubt."—*Agricultural Gazette*.

[The liquid manure here referred to, is that of cattle kept on boards.]

The following is an Abstract of Mr. CHADWICK'S Evidence before the Select Committee on Metropolitan Sewage Manure:—

"In the summer of 1842, I was staying with a friend, Mr. Thomson, of Clitheroe, where Dr. Lyon Playfair was also staying. Mr. Thomson has extensive print-works, where he employs about 1,000 persons, and from the works as much liquid manure.

"Mr. Henry Thomson pumped up the Sewage Water from a well or shaft into a tank made at the top of a field about eighty feet above the rest of the farm. He found that, under that eighty-feet pressure, by the means of the hose, with the labour of two men, one to remove the hose, and another to direct the nozzle, they could distribute about 2,000 gallons of liquid manure in an hour; and if we give 2½d. or 3d. an hour, that delivery of 2,000 gallons was accomplished for 6d. The expense of delivering the same quantity by water-cart was, I think, about 5s.; the expense of loading and spreading stable dung was about 11s. That was about the relative cost:—6d. for the delivery by the hose, 5s. by the water-cart, 11s. or 12s. in the distribution of stable manure. Then there was this great advantage in favour of the hose, that in the distribution by the water-carts, there is the poaching of the land by the weight of the cart

and horse, and probably the damage of which would be more than 5s. and of course still greater damage in the case of the cartage of the heavier stable manure. With the hose, also, you can get on the land at any time; but with the water-cart or spreading solid manure, of course you are restricted by the state of the weather. I think these 2,000 gallons of Sewer Water were found equal to about 3 cwt. of guano, and about 15 tons of stable manure. But there was another important point which was established beyond a doubt, which was, that the friction through the hose was much less than we anticipated; for instance, we used half a mile of hose, and carrying it on the surface, over furrows and through a ditch, and over a hedge, I think at the end of 800 yards it gave out a jet, as near as I could judge, of forty feet—nearly half the height due to the pressure. These experiments appeared to establish the fact that the hose, considering it as a means for the distribution of simple water, would have been cheaper than the water-meadow itself; and you have the advantage, also, of being able to apply the liquid manure to arable cultivation. Putting the interest on the machinery and capital together, we could not put down the fair expense of this delivery by the hose at much more than 1s. an acre, that is for 2,000 gallons.

"Mr. Harvey, of Glasgow, having a powerful steam-engine and a large number of cows on his premises, he had a vast quantity of the best liquid manure. Besides this, his distillery afforded a vast quantity of other valuable fertilising matter, which was previously entirely wasted. Mr. Harvey laid down pipes, by which he diffused this liquid over a surface of upwards of 300 acres. An Irish labourer, at two shillings a-day, was found perfectly able to distribute the liquid conveyed to the field over from two to three acres. The results were equally satisfactory and remarkable. Mr. Smith visited one of the fields so manured, and found forty-three bullocks up to the fetlocks in long, rich, close-growing pasture, on a stiff clay soil; and Mr. Harvey had been enabled to cut the grass for his cows three or four times in the course of the season. With regard to wheat, oats, and turnips, the same satisfactory results had followed. In a field, where one part had been manured with the liquid, and the other had not, the difference was truly remarkable. In the one instance, it was stunted; in the other, it had double the amount of straw and of grain in the ear."—*First Report of the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE corporation of Swansea, where the British Association are to assemble next year, have most liberally voted 500*l.* towards their accommodation and entertainment. It is expected that this sum will be doubled by private donations, so that the local fund will be more than ample to provide all the essential requirements, so ably arranged annually under the experienced guidance of the assistant general secretary.—An example of the effect of the excise laws in checking the efforts of those who desire to supply the humbler classes with cheap and wholesome literature is furnished by the Messrs. Chambers in the last number of their *Edinburgh Journal*. The cheapest of their publications has just been completed, and they affirm that of 25,766*l.* spent in paper, 5,431*l.* was paid to government for duty. This sum exceeds, they say, their own profit. On this the Messrs. Chambers proceed to remark: "We leave the candid part of the public to judge whether, even taking the work in its lowest aspect as a mercantile enterprise, it be quite right and proper that the government, for such is the fact, should reap a greater share of profit (that the revenue should be benefited in a greater degree) than those who have undergone the whole of the risk and toil."—The popular Danish poet and novelist, Her Andersen has just completed a new work, which he calls "A Christmas Greeting to my English Friends." Andersen is also revising his "Journey to the Hartz Mountains," which is in course of translation by Mr. Beckwith. Mr. Richardson, the well-known traveller, is engaged in preparing his "Travels in the Great Desert of Sahara and Visit to Ghat, Ghadames, and Mourzouk," a subject full of interest, while the incidents and adventures encountered give to the narrative all the entertainment of romance. Captain Forbes, of the Royal Navy, who has just returned from China, is about to give the public a

work, which he entitles "Five Years in China." It is accompanied by drawings made by the author. The gallant captain was present at the occupation of Labuan by her Majesty's forces, and relates many particulars of Mr. Brooke and of Borneo.—The *Courrier de Lyons* of the 24th inst. mentions the following discovery of a new motive force:—"It is now some time since the idea of employing ether as a propelling force was suggested. Our townsman, M. Tremblay, has reduced this theory to practice. A machine worked by the steam of ether has been in full operation for the last six days in a glass-cutting manufactory in the Guillotière. Its power is equal to that of 20 horses."—A paper, by Mr. Diamond, was read at the Society of Antiquaries, Nov. 25, on some recent discoveries made at Ewell. They consisted of a great variety of Roman pottery, excavated from deep pits sunk in the chalk on a rising ground.—The council of the Royal College of Surgeons of England have just purchased the extensive premises of Mr. Alderman Copeland, M.P. adjoining their institution, for the sum of 16,000*l.* It is stated to be the intention of the council to increase the size and usefulness of their magnificent museum, founded by John Hunter.—Some experiments with the chloroform were made for the first time in Paris by M. Velpeau, at the hospital of the Charité, a few days ago. A woman, from twenty-five to thirty years of age, suffering from a cancer of the breast, was made to inhale about a dozen drops of the chloroform on a handkerchief. At first she was merely affected with giddiness, but at the end of four or five minutes she fell off into a sleep. M. Velpeau then made some superficial incisions in the breast affected. He next cut off a large wart from her hand with a bistouri; and the wound thus made, when bleeding abundantly, was deeply cauterized. The patient awoke in about two minutes without having felt any thing, and without any of that agitation which characterises the awakening from ether. The chloroform was next applied to a woman of about fifty years of age, who had to undergo the opening of an abscess in the breast, and with precisely the same effect. The following, however, is a more interesting case, although the results obtained have been partly negative:—A man of thirty years of age, who was attacked with tetanus two days before, in consequence of a wound in the finger, was made to inhale ether several times without effect. At last the chloroform was tried, and at the end of two or three minutes he became insensible, without any previous agitation. The inhalation was continued about a quarter of an hour, and the sleep lasted about double that period. The muscles, which were previously the seat of tetanic convulsions, soon fell into a state of complete relaxation; the mouth opened naturally; the muscles of the trunk became supple, and the breathing was easy. When he awoke, his state was evidently much improved, but after a time the convulsions recommenced. Several new attempts to make him inhale were made, and each time in the same way, with this difference, that on each successive trial the contraction of the muscles yielded less completely to the stupifying influence. On Friday his state was decidedly worse; the tetanic convulsions had reached the lower extremities, and it was thought likely that death would promptly end his sufferings. It is evident from this case that the chloroform exercises a manifest action on the convulsed state of the muscles; and the persons who were present at the experiments were struck with the fact that the patients took it with perfect calm.

CHINESE LITERATURE.—Letters from the celebrated M. Gutzlaff, missionary and consul-general of England in the Celestial Empire, have just been received at Munich. They are dated from Hong-Kong, and give an account of the labours of that eminent individual, which approach the marvellous. He has just terminated a voluminous history of the Chinese empire, and has sent the manuscript of it to M. Cotta, the publisher, at Stuttgart. He has published at Hong-Kong a Universal Geography in the Chinese language, with sixty large maps. He has begun to compose a complete dictionary of the Chinese language, which will, he says, absorb all his leisure for the next three years. It is only in his leisure hours

that he can occupy himself with literary and scientific labours, all the rest of his time being devoted to his missionary labours and his consular duties. M. Gutzlaff announces that he has addressed some long memoirs on the geography of China to the Geographical Society of London, which it is expected will shortly be published. M. Gutzlaff still maintains the opinion that Christianity and European civilisation can only be successfully propagated in China by the Chinese themselves. He has accordingly founded a Chinese Society, which already possesses 600 members, many of whom are mandarins, and some native savans of the first rank. The society employs its efforts on all the countries situated to the south of the river Jang-tse-Kiang, and it has already published a great number of popular works.—*Galignani.*

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—A correspondent of the *Raleigh* (North Carolina) *Biblical Recorder*, under date of August 2, 1847, gives the following account of a visit to Chang and Eng, the celebrated Siamese twins, who, it will be remembered, visited this city some fifteen years since:—"In company with my friend Mr. William M'Nance, I called to see the Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, residing about one mile and a half from Mount Airy, on a valuable farm, which they have lately purchased, and removed to from the county of Wilkes. To my great disappointment they were not at home, being absent on a visit to their plantation in Wilkes. The wife of one of them was at home, and four of their children, all of whom resemble them much in appearance. They have each of them children about the same age. In addition to their native names they have assumed the name of Banker, in honour of their banker of that name in the city of New York. The Mrs. Banker whom we found at home appeared to be a good-looking, intelligent woman, with a free and open countenance, apparently about twenty-five years of age. There appeared to be a number of servants about the premises, of different ages and sexes. Their house is small, but they are making arrangements to build a new and commodious one. The wife of one of them and two of their children were at Wilkes. They live alternately at each place, and so will continue until they build a new house or sell their plantation in Wilkes, which they design to do. They take much pleasure in farming, have a fine crop, and are quite plain and economical in dress and manner of living, are fond of hunting, and, with their wives and little ones, apparently quite happy and contented. Their wives are said to be members of the Baptist church, of respectable parents, and the twins occasionally go to church with them. They are punctual in attending the elections, and vote the Whig ticket. I learn that, in addition to their property in North Carolina, they have an invested fund in New York. As they are fond of farming, it would be much better that they were situated where they had facilities of getting their productions to market. I suppose, however, the inducements of the chase make them prefer a residence near the mountain."

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